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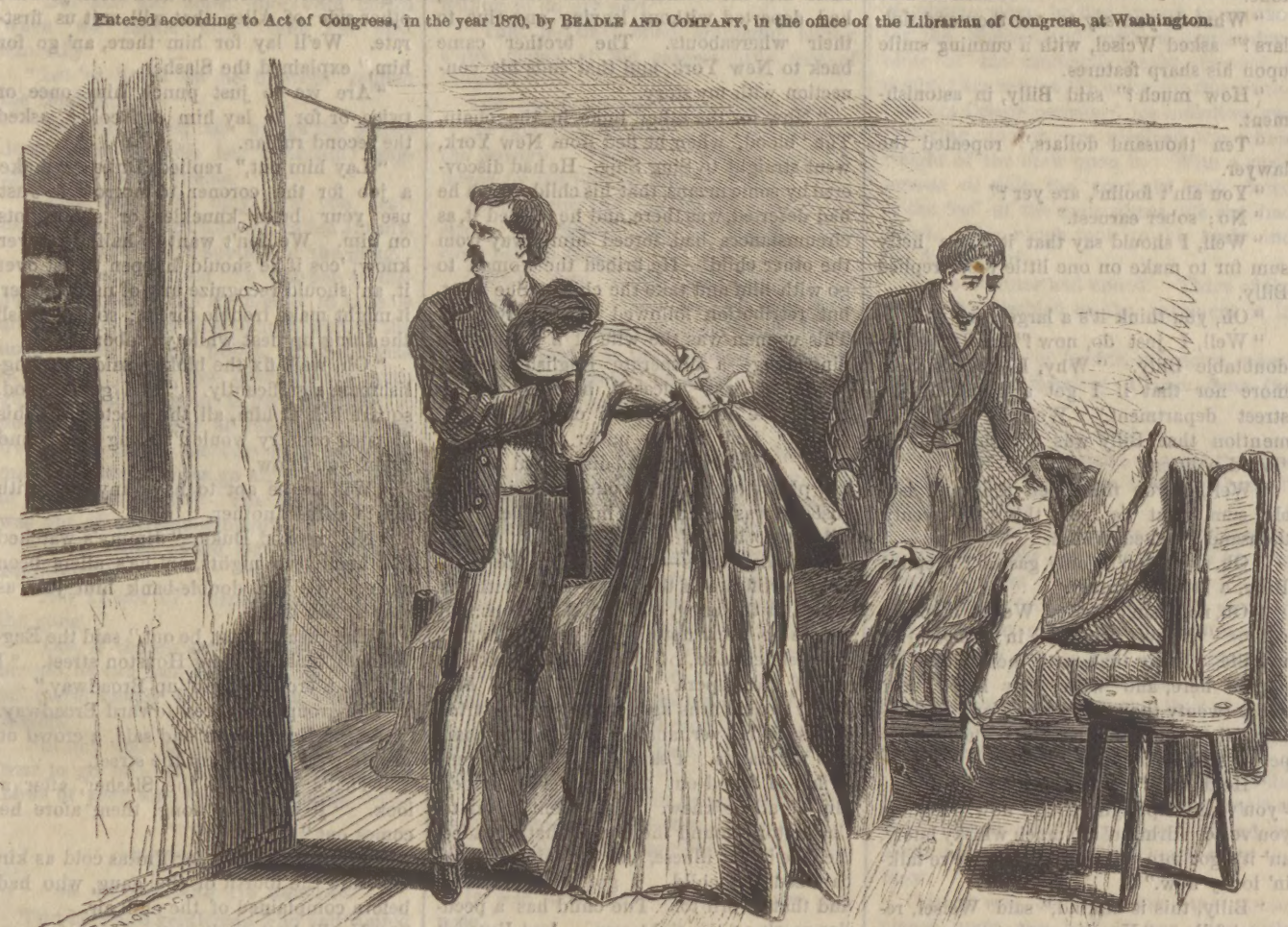
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FRANK HAYWORTH GLANCED TOWARD THE WINDOW, AND THERE SAW A HIDEOUS FACE.

\$50,000 Reward;

THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,

Author of "The Masked Miner," "Under Bail," "Silver Hoops," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAMNING PROOF.

"Tara cold blast, rudely blowing in from the street, fanned the throbbing temples of Sadie Sayton, and the blinding snow struck her full in the face, as she lay, limp and helpless, in the arms of Wildfern.

"The man glared over her beautiful face and form, and a devilish luster—a wicked look of triumph—gleamed in his eye. He and Sadie Sayton—the girl between him and whom was an old-time link of some sort—were alone in that dark, cold entrance, into which the snow-storm was beating. The box-agent was just extinguishing his light, and the night-watchman was coming up the steps.

"'Hullo! what's this, mister?'" he asked, sternly, as he saw dimly the form of a woman, locked in the arms of a tall, bearded man.

"'No harm, my good fellow,'" replied Wildfern. "Only a girl fainted from the close air; but she will soon come round, and I'll see her safe home."

"The watchman said nothing more, but casting a suspicious glance at Wildfern, passed on into the booth of the theater.

"The man-about-town drew the limp form closer to him in his steady grasp; he felt her warm breath faintly upon his bearded face. He suddenly bent his head over her—his lips were almost touching those of the innocent, unconscious maiden, when suddenly a shiver passed over the girl.

"Her eyes opened; she staggered to her feet, and, summoning her strength, she uttered a low cry and darted into the street.

"Wildfern strode after her, and both were quickly lost in the stormy night.

"In a half-minute Sadie stood at the corner of Twelfth street. She paused as if shot, for, at that instant, two forms—one a tall man, the other a slender woman—the latter clinging to the arm of the former—passed by swiftly, going down Twelfth street.

"And Sadie had heard a well-known voice say: 'Be brave, be hopeful, Agnes! We will pray for the best; but if the worst is to be realized, look to me, Agnes—trust me always, and God be my judge! I will not desert you!'

"And then the two were across Chestnut street, and out of earshot.

"Sadie Sayton gazed after them with a wild, meaningless stare, as they crossed Chestnut street. For an instant she clung to an awning-post for support.

"'Fate bids me on! I must see the end of this. I must learn if he is true or false to me! I must follow on, whithersoever they lead! Oh, God! and he my idol! I must!'

"The remainder of this sentence was lost, as the girl strode away down Twelfth street, keeping in sight those whom she followed, and who were now far ahead.

"Wildfern chuckled low to himself. 'His! ha! ha!' he said, in a low tone of triumph. 'I'm in luck; and I'll turn this little circumstance to good account! I must own that girl. I must have her money—real

stuff! And Mr. Frank Hayworth, look to yourself, for I am on your track—a fire-brand in my hand! And the link between this dazzling beauty and the vagrant player? I'll learn it yet, for I have the ring. Strange things may have happened since 1861. Well, we'll see! And she a perfect Hebe still! Ye gods! And now I'll hold on to this prize until she consents, by fair means or foul, to be my wife! Lucky dog that I am, that circumstances should thus befriended me! And I can and will yet win her, or she is proof to devotion and flattery, and is different from the great majority of her sex. I'll follow on and see the end of this farce—a proper conclusion to the evening's entertainment. By Jove! the girl is in earnest, and—why, it'll be the same."

"Speaking thus, the man hurried along swiftly behind Sadie—now a considerable distance in advance.

"Frank Hayworth and Agnes hastened on their way. They heeded not the wild storm which was raging around them. On they sped, not a word being spoken by either. The young man heard the labored, heavy breathing of the poor girl; he felt her weight momentarily dragging more and more upon his arm. But he dared not pause; he already feared that they would be too late, and then, they were fast nearing their destination.

"At length they reached Catharine street, far away, and turned up at once to the right. Hurrying on a few moments, they paused suddenly before a low, dilapidated house, which, from its appearance, had borne the brunt of many storms.

"A light gleamed from a window near the top of the house; with this exception, the lowly habitation was in gloom.

"In a moment the door was opened, and the actor and his charge disappeared inside.

"Sadie Sayton, hanging close behind, had watched them keenly. Her feet were cold and numb; her hands almost pulseless.

"As she saw the two walkers half before the old habitation, she likewise paused, shrinking away in the deep, drifted snow, under the dark shadows of the house nearest her. And when, they whom she watched disappeared from view, the lonely girl heaved a deep sigh, and was about to turn off.

"Just then she saw, on the opposite side of the street, the reflection of light from the window of the old house. In that reflected glimmer she beheld spectral shadows moving about. Waiting not a moment, she hurried across the street.

"At that instant a long, piercing wail rang out from the old house, and Sadie, glancing up, saw distinctly him who had played Hawkshaw holding a girl in his arms.

"And then Sadie Sayton sunk swooning in the snow.

"Another moment and the tall form of Wildfern towered over her.

CHAPTER VI.

A LEAF FROM AN OLD BOOK.

On the banks of the James river, in the county of Charles City, Virginia, embowered

in the midst of a spreading grove of oaks, stood the storm-stained mansion of old Colonel Mantion Sayton—the house known for years as the Sayton Manor.

"A lordly, aristocratic old mansion it was. Built of English brick, which, before the war for Independence, were brought over from the mother country, and put up by builders who prided themselves on their work, the massive, substantial structure was well calculated to stand the storms which, for more than one hundred years, had beaten upon it.

"The residence had been in the family of the Saytons ever since it was built by the old cavalier, Sir Charles, who, for some political reason, was forced to leave his native land, and who, with his family, had come to the then-wilds of America. He settled down near the James river, and built the almost royal old mansion, which to-day bears his family's name.

"The manor had escaped the ravages of the old Revolutionary War, by being taken as the headquarters of an English General, and had passed through the seven long years of strife unscathed.

"When that dismal period of blood and carnage had passed, and the ominous battle-clouds which had hung in the air so long a time were blown away by the sounding clarion of peace, the owner of the mansion still found himself master of the old ancestral halls, and of the hundreds of rolling acres spreading around him on all sides.

"And so on, down to our day, has the mansion been owned and cared for by those who loved it and its memory.

"Colonel Sayton, the possessor of the manor—at the time we have chosen for our story—had well maintained the prestige of his family. And though in his day, too, clouds had lowered over him, yet those clouds had now blown away, and he was happy that he again lived in the old mansion—happy in the company of his charming daughter, Sadie—the link which bound him tenderly to the memory of his dead wife, sleeping in the quiet grave-yard in the garden; happy as he passed his time on the spreading farm, and in the quiet precincts of the old manor.

"Sadie, his child, was pretty as a nymph, warm-hearted, whole-souled, well-educated, joyous and light-hearted, devotedly fond of her father, heeding his slightest wish, considering it a heinous sin if she failed to please him in the slightest particular.

"She was as artless and as innocent as she was beautiful and fascinating. No wonder her old father considered her as the 'apple of his eye'; no wonder that she was the 'queen of the country'—nay, of the Tidewater district itself—and that, as such, she reigned undisputed monarch in the hearts of more than one susceptible swain of the neighborhood!

"Living about a mile from the manor, and further down the river, was another family—one as old and as proud as that of the Saytons; but it was, in one sense, what might be termed a 'broken-down' family.

"Hugh Hill, the owner of this farm, dated

his ancestry far back in the dead ages, and found his family-name in the landed gentry of England. At one time he had been rich; but, fox-hunting, a reckless disregard of money, and a lavish hospitality, had made a serious inroad into his treasury. And then, the old man only made a respectable living.

"Too late he had awakened to the folly of his past course, and to the dread reality of the future. It was a hard matter for such a person as the open-handed, genial-souled Hugh Hill to stare poverty in the face.

"Then the old man determined to turn over a new leaf—to start life again. But, just as his resolves were formed, the hollow tones of the tocsin of war echoed through the land, and the red band of battle crimsoned the sky.

"At that time his only child, a son, Allan, by name, was absent at William-and-Mary college. The old gentleman was determined that his darling boy should have a good education, already knowing that, were the debts, fast accumulating on the old farm, paid off, he could give Allan nothing else than an education.

"Between the two families living so near together, there was no cordiality—no friendship—as might reasonably have been expected. An old feud, dating back for several generations, divided them, and made the two representatives of the families scowl at one another, when, by chance, they met.

"Hugh Hill was a hot-headed, impulsive man—one who fancied that every word spoken in his company in an undertone was something leveled at him. But, he was an honorable, high-minded man.

"Unfortunately, Colonel Sayton was just as hot-headed as the other, and interpreted every thing coming from the Hill family as an affront offered himself.

"But, Colonel Sayton had another characteristic—one strange for a person living in his section of the land—strange for one, in most matters, so liberal—for one so careful and proud of the prestige of his family. He was not a stingy, close-fisted man; but he was one who worshiped money, and prized the influence it gave. He had no dealings with poor men; and when Hugh Hill became bankrupt, then there was indeed a yawning chasm, which could not be bridged, between him and Colonel Sayton.

"The great wave was sweeping over the land, and Allan Hill was suddenly summoned home from college. By a great effort, his father had raked together an amount sufficient to defray the expenses of the completion of his son's education abroad, and the young man was to go at once.

"We will not dwell here; we are writing simply a love-story—not a war-chronicle—and we'll leave that.

"It can not be supposed that Sadie Sayton and Allan Hill had never met. This was almost an impossibility, taking into consideration the surrounding circumstances.

"The two young folks, despite the enmity existing between the families, had met, and—long ago—Sadie Sayton certainly reigned in Allan Hill's bosom as queen of love and beauty. The youth madly worshipped the girl, and it was easy for him to see that his love was reciprocated.

"Then came the impulsive proposal—the mad appeal. Then the sudden starting, the vicious crimsoning; then the warm, outgushing woman's love; then the half-articulate 'YES!'

"And then the old story of the quarrel. But they cared not for this.

"Allan Hill and Sadie Sayton were engaged to be married in the year 1861—secretly, of course. But then, there grew up between them a high wall—a barrier which seemed to sunder them forever.

"Colonel Sayton frowned, and his face grew as black as midnight, when one day Allan Hill boldly appeared at the manor and asked to see Sadie. Strange to say, he did see the girl; but when he called again with 'unblushing front,' as the colonel termed it, he failed to see Sadie.

"The old gentleman himself met the young man, and told him plainly never again to darken his doors, and that he would not countenance him there, as long as the memory of past events remained with him.

"With anger swelling in his bosom, and fire flashing from his eyes, Allan Hill had turned, and without reply soever, left the mansion, mounted his horse and galloped away.

"But he had not forgotten Sadie, or turned his back upon her. He still found means of communicating with her, and they met frequently—clandestinely, of course.

"Then Allan Hill went to Europe.

"About this time a stranger made his appearance at Sayton Manor. By education, at least, he was evidently a gentleman; and his dress and deportment also pointed him out as such. The young man—he was young, and a tall, fine-looking fellow, too—had come down, so he said, on a boat from Richmond, on a hunting expedition. Having missed the returning steamer, he applied at the mansion, late that day, for hospitality. He was not refused; his appearance was, with the colonel, a guaranty of respectability.

"This young man and Sadie Sayton met. In an instant, as if by instinct, the girl knew that his heart had bounded at her presence.

"Women soon learn this. Maybe by magic. She was not mistaken; for, before the stranger took his departure next day, he had managed to convey to Sadie, most unobtrusively, proofs of his admiration. But the girl repaid him with coldness, especially when the stranger made close and impertinent inquiries into the pecuniary affairs of her father.

"In a week from that time, the young man came again—this time arrayed in all the elegance of fashion.

"As the stranger's political views agreed with the colonel's—which had been learned

in the former visit—his visit, though taking the old Virginian by surprise, was nevertheless not distasteful to him.

"Not so with Sadie; she trembled violently as she saw the man walking up the wharf-way toward the house. She had a foreboding of evil—that evil connected with this man—and to befall herself. But she met him with an inborn dignity peculiar to her, though her manner was frigidly distant and reserved.

"The stranger remained a week, and in that time—without the colonel's knowledge or consent—managed to pay formal court and address to the girl.

"Sadie was thunderstruck and abashed, frightened away. But she refused him point blank, and expressed her indignation at his course. The man was stung to fury, and used harsh, insulting language.

"The girl was about to scream for help, but the fellow placed his hand over her mouth, and put a pistol to her head, making her promise to reveal nothing until he had gone.

"More dead than alive, Sadie Sayton had sunk back in a swoon. When she awoke to consciousness the stranger had gone.

"And then Sadie tremblingly told her father all. The old man's rage was ungovernable. The very next day he went to Richmond—taking especial pains before he left home to stick a brace of old-fashioned dueling-pistols in his carpet-bag.

"But the next morning he returned from a fruitless errand. The stranger had left Richmond.

"At that time Sadie was not quite sixteen. And the name the stranger gave was Willis Wildfern.

"Then the hideous BLACK WAVE of civil war, which had come so suddenly, finally rolled away, and Colonel Sayton was still the owner of his old mansion; he was soon again surrounded by plenty.

"Not so, however, with Hugh Hill. He had died suddenly some time before, and his ancient residence had been burned by a band of raiding horsemen.

"At last, after a long absence abroad, Allan Hill came home, crushed in spirits at the death of his father; and when he reached the old farm, he found himself homeless, and almost without a penny.

"Time passed. Allan and Sadie met again. They were still true to each other; but, that barrier already erected in the past, had grown broader and higher between them. For Allan Hill had soon sold the old farm-lands, and with the proceeds paid his father's debts. This left him poverty-stricken.

"Between the young man and Colonel Sayton there was a cold reserve, a tacit declaration of war which was unmistakable.

"Colonel Sayton was a proud old man—an unjust old man. He was not exactly mean, nor can we say that he regarded money as a sole guaranty for worth. Yet, remembering the way in which Allan Hill had lost his property, the old gentleman grew extremely serious as the young man—at last entirely disregarding him and his commands—continued his visits to Sadie. Then the father hinted to his daughter that the young fellow's visits were distasteful to him.

"But, this time Sadie paid no heed to her father's words. Then the old gentleman got very angry, and peremptorily bade the girl discard her lover.

"Then Sadie Sayton's eyes flashed fire, as she openly avowed her undying love for Allan Hill.

"Colonel Sayton was almost dumfounded at this, though he answered not a word; but, when the young man came again, the stern old father met him ere he alighted from his horse.

"The words they spoke were few. Colonel Sayton telling Allan, angrily, never again to put foot in his house, until he could keep a bank account. Young Hill retorting that the day would come when the Colonel would welcome him at his proud old mansion.

"Then they parted.

"The dark night following this altercation, Allan Hill stood on the wharf awaiting the arrival of the 'John Sylvester.' By his side was Sadie Sayton. He slipped upon her finger a ring with a ruby-setting; she pinned in his shirt-front a diamond scarf-pin.

"Then, the steamer's lights were in sight. Ten minutes later Allan Hill had parted from the girl he loved, stepped aboard the steamer, and was gone into the world to make that which would enable him—to keep a bank account.

CHAPTER VII.

BY A DEATH-DEED.

"FRANK HAYWORTH'S heart beat fast as, with Agnes Hope hanging on his arm, he paused at the foot of the rickety, stairway to allow the poor girl time to get her breath.

"The young man heard the labored breathing struggling from the panting bosom; he felt the thin arm dragging so heavily, so tremulously upon his, and he knew that the maiden was exhausted.

"So for a moment he lingered at the foot of the stairway, in the gloomy, unit passage, and supporting the fainting form of the girl in his own strong grasp, he waited until she had, in a measure, recovered from her tedious walk through the snow.

"As they stood there silently in the dark passage, no sound breaking the perfect quiet, save the sad, hollow shriekings of the wind, moaning around the corners and under the eaves of the old house, suddenly a faint, half-gurgling groan echoed feebly from the room above. Then again and again. And then a fluttering voice was heard speaking in tremulous tones.

"And then the half-subdued, yet heavy footsteps, withal of a man shook the room as he walked across the floor.

Agnes Hope rallied herself, and summoning a sudden energy, said, in a low voice: "Come—come, Frank! We must go! 'Tis mother, and—and—we may be too late. Come!"

The young man strove not to keep; but he whispered in her ear:

"Again, Agnes, I beg you to be brave, and to remember that I am your friend to death! Now, Agnes, lean on me, and come along. And be prepared, my poor girl, for the worst. There—there—Agnes, do not tremble so; trust in God, and rely on my friendship!"

So speaking, Frank Hayworth, almost lifting the girl in his arms, commenced the ascent of the stairs. In a moment the top was reached.

And that moment the door of the front room was opened, and the robust form of the kind-hearted physician stood there in the broad flash of light streaming from the apartment.

And then another gurgling groan echoed in the silent air.

Agnes Hope trembled as, leaning on the actor's arm, she panted heavily.

"Is it you, Agnes?" asked the doctor, in a low voice, as he peered into the gloom. His voice was subdued—just above a whisper, and, in his tones, there was something of sympathy.

"Yes, doctor," replied the girl; "it is I. I am with Mr. Hayworth." As she spoke she came forward into the light.

"I am glad you are here, Agnes, my child," said the physician, in the same kind tone. "Be not cast down, my poor girl, but come in, and see your mother. You have no time to lose."

So saying, the humane gentleman took Agnes by the hand, and beckoning the young man to follow, led the girl into the humble room.

A single oil-lamp on the mantelpiece flung its light over the apartment. Feeble as were the rays, they were sufficiently strong to reveal the poverty of the apartment—the curtainless window, the worm-eaten sashes—the damp, moldy walls—the bare floor—the broken chairs, and the scanty bed with its meager covering.

On that bed lay a thin-faced, pallid woman, her lips apart, the struggling breath coming and going at long intervals—the thin eyes, almost meaningless and staring, thrown back and fixed, the skinny hands outside the cover digging the skeleton-like fingers into the bedclothes.

Relinquishing the hand of Agnes, the physician stepped lightly to the mantel, and took therefrom a glass containing a fluid. He leaned over the bed of the dying woman, and placed his hands gently upon her arm.

"Arouse, Mrs. Hope, and drink this potion; Agnes is here," and then he lifted her head gently, as he placed the liquid to her lips.

Without hesitating, the sufferer swallowed the invigorating draught.

In a moment the fiery liquid had flashed through her sinking frame—the eyes lost their strong stare—the hands unclenched their grasp, and the panting breath came more regularly.

Turning her eyes wearily on the physician, the dying woman murmured in a low voice, incoherently—unmeaningly:

"Agnes! Agnes! did you say, doctor? No! Agnes is not here; she is at the playhouse, laughing and jesting on the boards! She is *Kimble St. Elmer*, to-night. And then—ha! ha! She afterward marries *Green Jones*, you know! She told me all about it, and how her heart would ache, when remembering her old mother all alone at home. She would have to go on the stage, and laugh and smirk, and say silly things to please the people! Poor—poor Agnes! But, she is not here, doctor, and—Ha! doctor, I feel faint! I am dying, doctor, and Agnes, my child—away!"

As she spoke a wild shudder swept over her frame, and with a startled look of sudden fright, she closed her eyes.

The physician had allowed her to rattle on in her wild, random talk, without attempting to check; but, as soon as she ceased speaking of her own accord, he quickly placed his sensitive finger over the throbbing artery of the neck. Then, as a painful look spread over his face, he beckoned Agnes to him, and leaning down, half-shouted in the ear of the dying woman:

"Arouse yourself! arouse yourself, for your daughter's sake! Agnes is here to bid you farewell!"

But the poor woman gave no reply. At the name of Agnes, there was a faint quivering about the nostril, a just perceptible lifting of the thin upper lip. Then a terrible shiver passed over her frame—then another, and another—then a long, feebly-drawn breath.

The physician turned away.

"Dead!" he said, in a voice almost inaudible.

Then came the long wailing shriek, as poor Agnes reeled back, and fell in the ready arms of Frank Hayworth.

At that moment the window-sash was shaken, and a wild laugh rung in the room.

Frank Hayworth glanced thitherward and saw a hideous face.

In an instant the face was gone.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

Behind the Scenes. The trials and triumphs of the stage are painted with a free hand in the fascinating story of the Ruby Ring. Dr. Turner evidently is fully "posted" in the premises.

THE GERMAN SAILOR'S SONG.

BY A. W. HELLGATE.

Over many a sea and scene,
Under many a star in heaven,
We, birds of passage, have been,
Thudding the morn and even—
Have given the sea a hand
To hold forever and over,
Yat we sing of our Fatherland,
And sigh for our Mother river.

All things sweet are there
That childhood's hope hath clung to,
All things there are fair
Which manhood's heart hath hung to:
There tears fell on the hand
That scarce could bear to sever,
And shook for our Fatherland,
Beside our Mother river.

And oh! when keen gales move
To bear us on our mission,
Those dear heart-harbors of love
Grow dearer in each vision;
They give strength to each hand,
And to each heart endeavor—
Dear homes of our Fatherland,
Where flows our Mother river.

With wine of no alien vine,
Abroad the Southern ocean,
Dreaming of the Rhine,
We pour dear love's devotion;
And each with glass in hand,
Which somehow will strangely quiver,
Quaffs deep to our Fatherland,
Pledging our Mother river.

The Scarlet Hand:

OR,
The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.
A STORY OF NEW YORK HEARTHS AND HOMES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE ACE OF SPADES," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SCHEME OF THE TOMBS LAWYER.

In a dingy law-office, hardly a stone's throw from the New York Tombs—that celebrated pile—sat two men beside a table, on which lay a handful of folded legal papers, yellow and musty with age.

The little sign upon the door of this office bore the inscription, "T. WEISEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW." And one of the men who sat by the table was T. Weisel, Esq., in person.

Timothy Weisel was a lawyer of the class popularly known as "Tombs shysters." One of the kind who accepted any thing from a client, in the shape of fees, from a five-dollar "greenback" down to a pawn-ticket for a pocket-handkerchief. All was fish that came to his net.

In person, the lawyer was a little fellow, spate in figure, and with a sharp-peaked face, wherein was set a pair of sharp gray eyes, deeply sunken in the head and overhung by protruding eyebrows.

The face of the lawyer, somehow, gave one an idea of a rat—an animal who was at war with all the world—who would rather run than fight, and yet would, when cornered and forced to it, fight fiercely.

The lawyer was rather shabbily clad in a rusty black suit; and, from his personal appearance, one would have been apt to quickly guess that the world had not gone well with him lately.

The guess would have been an apt one, too, for fortune and Timothy Weisel, Attorney-at-law, had not been close friends for some time past. But if the truth be told, it was the lawyer's fault. Being fond of liquor, he had neglected his business, taken to drinking bad whisky, and thus put into his stomach what should have gone on his back.

Weisel was a smart lawyer in his way. He had few equals in criminal practice in New York. Not that he had ever handled any important cases; but in minor trials many a poor devil had reason to bless his lucky stars that he had retained lawyer Weisel for his counsel, and thus had saved himself a trip to the "Island," or perhaps to Sing Sing. Weisel was clever as a pet-dogger. No keener eye was there than his, to detect a flaw in an indictment, among all the members of the New York bar. And, although Weisel had indulged in some pretty sharp practice at times, and had incurred the enmity of all his professional brethren who claimed to be respectable, by inserting advertisements in the papers headed, "DIVORCES PROCURED WITHOUT PUBLICITY, ETC.," still he was sharp enough to keep just within bounds, and afforded his enemies no excuse for flinging him over the "bars."

The companion of Mr. Weisel was a thick-set, muscular fellow, with a bulldog-like face. He was known as Billy O'Kay, and was notorious among the frequenters of the various courts of justice in New York as a "straw-bailist." That is, when a man was put under bonds for some offense—for instance, for assault and battery; for folks do get arrested, even in New York, for such a thing, sometimes; Billy would "put in an appearance" with some respectable-looking gentleman in black, who would swear that he was Mr. So-and-so, of No. — Third avenue, coal dealer, or butcher, or merchant—as the case might be—and worth so much money in real estate; offer to go bail for the prisoner.

The bail is accepted and the prisoner released. And if in time the prosecuting party does appear to follow up the charge, the prisoner is missing. The bail is sent for, and Mr. So-and-so, coal dealer, etc., is found to be either an entirely different man from the gentleman in black who had appeared in the court-room, or else he is not

found at all. This is the way they work "straw-bail" in New York. Of course, in some cases, it is openly winked at by the presiding officer of the so-called court of justice.

Lawyer Weisel and Billy O'Kay had had quite a lot of business together, for in the peculiar practice of the lawyer, straw-bail and witnesses who were able and willing to swear to any thing, provided they were told beforehand what it was, were very essential.

"Billy, I am not joking," said Weisel, who possessed a clear though rather shrill voice; "there's a large amount of money in this affair, if it's only handled rightly."

"How much?" asked Billy, who, though bearing a name of Hibernian extraction, had very little of the "brogue" in his tone.

"What do you say to ten thousand dollars?" asked Weisel, with a cunning smile upon his sharp features.

"How much?" said Billy, in astonishment.

"Ten thousand dollars," repeated the lawyer.

"You ain't foolin', are yer?"

"No; sober earnest."

"Well, I should say that it was a hefty sum fur to make on one little job," replied Billy.

"Oh, you think it's a large sum, eh?"

"Well, I just do, now!" cried the redoubtable Billy. "Why, I couldn't make more nor that if I got a posish in the street department." We had forgot to mention that Billy was a "big gun" in "ward politics."

"Well, if you think ten thousand is a big sum, what do you think of twenty thousand?" asked Weisel.

"Oh, say; you're only gassin'!" replied Billy, a little indignant.

"Oh, no, I ain't!" cried Weisel, emphatically. "I never was more in earnest in all my life. I say that, with these musty old papers here, and with your help, I can make twenty thousand dollars, and perhaps thirty thousand—perhaps forty thousand—perhaps fifty thousand—"

"Hold on!" cried Billy, in alarm; "you've got up high enough now. I guess you've been drinkin' too much whisky lately, an' it's got into your brain, 'cos yer talkin' loony now."

"Billy, this is unkind," said Weisel, reproachfully. "You know that you were as drunk as I was; and besides, I paid for the liquor."

"Well, I didn't say yer didn't," returned Billy, doggedly. "But you can't gammon this child with any fifty thousand dollars; yer can't stuff that down my throat. It's too thin, an' it won't wash."

"Billy, did I ever deceive you?" asked Weisel.

"I don't know—but you can't come any fifty thousand dollars over me now, hoss-fly," replied Billy, with an air of determination.

"Just you listen to me," urged Weisel.

"I offer you a share in this thing because I need your aid. It won't cost any thing to try it, even if it fails. Now you just listen, and I'll explain."

"Sail in," ejaculated Billy, preparing to listen.

"It's quite a long story," said the lawyer, "and I'll have to explain it fully, so that you will understand all the particulars. It's a beautiful case to work up—clear as daylight, except one point, and there I want your help. Twenty-four years ago," began the lawyer, while Billy listened attentively, "a young Fifth avenue 'blood' married a poor girl who 'tended' in a fancy-goods store on the Bowery. The marriage was a private one, and took place at the minister's house, with only the servants of the clergyman for witnesses. After the marriage, the 'blood' took his wife down to Charleston, South Carolina. There a child was born; a boy. After the child was born, the husband got tired of the wife, and deserted her. The cause of the desertion was, that he had fallen in love with a wealthy Southern girl. This girl he married and brought to New York with him. It was a bold thing to do, to commit bigamy, but the 'blood' thought he had every thing his own way. He had kept the marriage certificate of the first wife. He knew that she was not only ignorant of where the minister's house was, but even of his name. Besides, she was friendless—without money, while he had plenty. He thought that she would never be able to prove her marriage, and he was right, for she never did."

"After she was deserted by this man in Charleston, she managed, with her baby, to beg her way to New York. She had a brother here, a rough customer—you know him well, Billy, but I refrain from mentioning his name now. I got all the first part of this history from him. Of course, he had no idea what scent I was on."

"Well, the girl told the brother how she had been wronged, and he instantly took the law in his own hands—stabbed the 'blood' on Broadway, and went to Sing Sing for five years for it. But the 'blood' didn't die; he recovered."

"Now, when the brother went to Sing Sing, he put his sister, the deserted wife, with a family in Hester street; and there, in a short time, she died. The child she left was sent to the brother at Sing Sing, and he arranged to have it boarded with a woman in Sing Sing village."

"Now, while these events were taking place, the second wife had a child—a boy, too; only about a year's difference between

the births of the two children of the 'blood.'

"After serving a year at Sing Sing, the brother is—through political influence—pardoned out, and he comes instantly to New York, intent upon killing the 'blood' that had wronged his sister, for he had sworn to do it when he was sentenced in the court-room."

"And jolly well right he was, too," remarked Billy, in a tone of approbation.

"Exactly," said Weisel; "but the 'blood' heard of his release, and didn't wait for him to fulfill his threat, but cleared out instantly for parts unknown. The brother came to New York—found that the man he sought had run away. Then the brother went back to Sing Sing, to get the child, and found to his astonishment that both the child and the woman he had left it with, had departed without leaving any clue to their whereabouts. The brother came back to New York, and that ends his connection with my story."

"Now for the other links in the chain. The 'blood,' when he fled from New York, went straight to Sing Sing. He had discovered by some means, that his child, which he had deserted, was there, and he wanted it, as circumstances had forced him away from the other child. He bribed the woman to go with him and take the child. She went, but retribution followed the guilty man. This woman was the wife of a prisoner in Sing Sing—a desperate English burglar. When he was released, he followed his wife to the little Western city, where the 'blood' had settled under an assumed name. The woman had discovered that he had plenty of money, so one dark night her husband was let into the house by her. He killed the 'blood' in his bed, took all his money, his papers—among them the marriage certificate of the wife—then, with his wife and the baby, came to New York. Of course he knew nothing of these facts that I've related, and, of course, could make no use of the papers. He died in jail here about two months ago, while waiting trial. I was his lawyer, and so the papers came into my hands. I saw a chance for a ten-strike—I found out the brother—pumped him of all he knew. Then went down to Charleston; found the doctor that attended the wife in her illness, and the minister who baptized the child. I got their evidence, and that sworn to. The child has a peculiar mark on the right arm. And I've got the child, too. He's a man now, of course. Now all I want to complete the evidence is the woman who brought the child up. She separated from the burglar some years since, and I haven't been able to find her. You see, I can trace the child from his birth to the time that it came into the hands of this woman; but I can't find the woman. Now, if you can find one that will fill the bill—that will swear to certain facts that I can instruct her in, the chain of evidence will be complete."

"But where does your fifty thousand dollars come in?" asked Billy.

"Why, when the father was stabbed he thought he was going to die, and made a will. When he ran away and didn't come back, the will was finally admitted to probate, under the belief that he was dead—which, at the time, he really was, as I have explained. The property was—as every one supposed—left to his son by his second wife. Of course his first marriage and the birth of a child was a secret to the world."

"But the fifty thousand?" said Billy, who couldn't see any money in the affair, so far.

"I have discovered a flaw on the will," said Weisel, quietly, but his little eyes sparkling. "The child by the first wife—the man that I now hold in my hands—whose identity I alone can prove, is the legal heir to all the estate now held by the son of the second wife."

"Jerusalem!" ejaculated Billy, in admiration; "what a head you have got. I've got the woman for you, too—swear to any thing as long as she's paid."

"Good! Then I'll make something handsome out of the affair. Billy, I'll give you a thousand dollars for your witness."

"Nuff said—shake?" And the compact was made.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SLASHER ON THE WAR-PATH.

On the Saturday night of the week wherein the events related in the preceding chapters had taken place, a group of men were standing on the corner of Crosby and Houston streets.

The time was about half-past ten. The night was dark, with threatnings of rain in the air.

The group of men on the corner were rough-looking fellows, four in number, with bullet heads, hair cropped short, scarred and battered features.

Prominent among them was one who seemed to be a leader. In person he stood nearly a head taller than the rest. This man was no other than John Duke, the Slasher; and his companions were members of the Baxter street gang of roughs who acknowledged the notorious Slasher as their leader.

The Slasher and his gang were evidently on the look-out for some one, for they kept a close watch down Crosby street.

"It must be about time for the cove to come out," said one, whose unmistakable accent gave proof that he was an Englishman.

"Not yet," responded the Slasher; "the

theater ain't out yet, an' then he's got for to get out of his stage togs and dress."

"I wish they'd hurry up," growled another of the roughs, in a hoarse voice. "I'm getting tired of waiting."

"Yes, an' it's cold, too," said the fourth of the gang, who was thinly clad. "I'd like to have a drink of whisky. This wind cuts a feller to the bone."

"It won't be long," replied the Slasher. "And after the job is over, you can drink all the whisky you likes."

"Wot's the programme, anyway?" asked the Englishman.

"Well, when he comes out, Jimmy—who is a watchin' at the back door of the theater, will whistle; then we'll just follow on his track, let him cross the Bowery, then get ahead of him, and cut him off in Rivington street. There's a dark block just the other side of Allen, that will suit us first-rate. We'll lay for him there, an' go for him," explained the Slasher.

"Are we to just punch him once or twice, or for to lay him out cold?" asked the second ruffian.

"Lay him out," replied Duke; "make a job for the coroner to-morrow. Just use your brass knuckles or slung-shots on him. We don't want to half do it, yer know, 'cos if he should happen to get over it, an' should recognize any of us hereafter, it might make trouble for us; so just finish the thing up neat while yer about it."

"Oh, we'll fix the bloke," said the Englishman, significantly. "If I get a good square lick at him, all the doctors in this blasted country wouldn't bring him round again, you know."

"Will he be apt to have any one with him?" asked another.

"No," replied Duke. "Jimmy's watched him home two nights, an' he's allers been alone. We kin double-bank him just as easy as kin be."

"The theater must be out," said the Englishman, looking along Houston street. "I kin see a crowd a-goin' up Broadway."

The group all looked toward Broadway. As the Englishman had said, a crowd of people were pouring up the street.

"That's so," said the Slasher, after a look. "It won't be long, then, afore he comes out."

"I shan't be sorry, for I'm as cold as kin be," said the fourth of the gang, who had before complained of the chill air.

"You'll be snug in your roost afore an hour is over, with some 'greenbacks' for to set up the drinks with," responded the Slasher.

"An' that's where the joke comes in," said the Englishman, with a grin.

"Say, who is it that's a-goin' for this rooster?" asked the third rough.

"How kin I tell?" demanded the Slasher, roughly. "A gent, as I don't know, comes to me an' says he'll give fifty dollars—that's ten apiece for us—for to have this theater actor double-banked an' whipped; an' he wants him whipped well, too—he don't want the job spoilt by bein' underdone. In fact, to speak right out, he wants him put out of the way. Well, I took the job. I spoke to you fellows about it and offered the fair thing—share an' share alike. Fifty dollars, an' there's five of us, countin' Jimmy; that's ten dollars apiece, as I said afore. Now that's all I knows about the job. The gent give me twenty-five dollars down, an' he's to pony up the other twenty-five Monday morning, if we do the job to-night. Now, you knows as much about it as I do, an' I hope yer satisfied."

The Slasher's explanation was probable enough, and the roughs accepted it without hesitation.

"That's square," said the Englishman.

"Couldn't be fairer!" exclaimed the third one of the gang.

"If yer satisfied, then, it's all right," said Duke. "Now, just keep your ears open for Jimmy's whistle. He'll whistle when our man comes out."

From the above given explanation it will be plainly seen how much a man's life is worth in New York city, sometimes.

The roughs remained on the corner, listening intently, for some fifteen minutes. Then the sound of a whistle came out shrilly on the night air.

"That's the signal; the cove has started!" cried Duke; "so let's travel, boys."

And down the street went the roughs at a pretty fast walk.

In front of the back-door of the theater they were joined by their comrade, Jimmy, who had been on the watch there to note when Mordaunt—for it was the actor for whom the roughs were lying in wait—should appear.

"Is he alone, Jimmy?" asked the Slasher, as the rough called Jimmy joined them.

"Yes," replied that worthy, "there he is," and he pointed to a dark form just on the corner of Prince street, that carried in its hands a carpet-bag and a sword.

The actor had played "Claude Melnotte" in the "Lady of Lyons" that night, and the sword was the saber that he had worn when dressed as the French colonel.

"We'll fix him easy, then," said the Slasher.

"Yes, but he's got a sword in his hand," said the rough, who had acted as the spy.

"We'll jump on him so quick that he won't have a chance to use it," said Duke.

"Come on, boys, let's keep him in sight."

Then the roughs followed the actor down the street rapidly. But to their surprise and rage, on the corner of Prince street, the actor was joined by two people, a lady and gentleman, who evidently had

been waiting for him there. Then the three walked along Prince street, going toward the Bowery.

"Well, I'm blown!" said the Slasher, indignantly, as he beheld the reinforcement that his destined victim had received. "The jig is up!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Worse luck!" cried the third of the gang.

"And for to think that we have waited here in the cold all this time!" muttered the thin clad rough, in disgust.

"Wot's to be done, Duke?" asked Jimmy, the spy. "Are we a-goin' to have all our trouble for nothin'?"

"No, I'm blest if we are!" cried the Slasher, in a rage. "We'll go for him anyhow. We're five to two—the woman don't count."

"But she kin holler like blue blazes when we tackle him," said the spy, shrewdly.

"Let 'er holler an' be blown!" replied the Englishman.

"Yes, but s'pose she brings the perlice down onto us with her screechin?" suggested the fourth ruffian.

"That would be ugly, now you bet!" exclaimed the rough who was called Jimmy. "That's so!" said another of the gang.

"Oh, blazes!" cried the Slasher, in disgust; "do yer s'pose it's a-goin' to take us all night for to hit this chap a welt in the head? Let the gal holler, an' if she gets in the way, knock her over into the mud-gutter. I ain't a-goin' to give this job up, now that I've waited all this time. If we five ain't a match for two men an' a woman, then we'd better go an' put our heads in soak right away." The Slasher's tone was one of extreme contempt.

"Well, I ain't afeard for one!" cried the Englishman.

"Nor I! nor I!" chimed in the rest of the gang.

"Cos, if there's any one that don't like the job, he can just slide right out; there'll be more money for the rest," said the Slasher.

But one and all declared their willingness to go on; so once more, the human birds of prey followed their victims.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN ATTACK AND ITS RESULTS.

This lady and gentleman who had waited for the actor on the corner of Prince street and Crosby were Crissie Moore and her brother Pony, the street-vender.

It was Mordaunt's last appearance at the theater, and the sewing girl and her brother had attended the performance.

"Let me carry the carpet-bag," said Pony, taking possession of it. "I say you just did bully, to-night. I never seed any thing more natural in my life. And in the last of it, when you chucked down the pocket-book, full of rocks, for to buy the gal, and blocked the little game of that feller that was arter her, why, I just got right up and howled!"

"Yes, and I felt so ashamed," said Crissie, who had been greatly annoyed by her brother's enthusiasm.

"Why, somebody else hollered, too," said Pony, defending his course.

"Yes, but you made more noise than all the rest," replied Crissie.

"Well, I couldn't help it. I got excited. Of course I knows that it's all sham and make-believe on the stage, but when I see a nice, innocent gal come out right side up with care, arter going through a lot of trouble, it makes me feel good, and just at the time, why it seems as if it was all real. I likes to go to the the-a-ters, 'cos I always feels better arter it. You see, it's kinder like seeing the inside of a man's own life. The innocent and the good allers comes out first best, and the villain gets particular jeezy."

"And how did you like the play?" asked the actor of Crissie, who had taken his arm, and was walking demurely at his side. Pony was on the outside of the walk.

"I liked it very much," she answered. "The struggle between pride and love in the girl's heart, when she found that the man she had married—supposing him to be a prince—was only a poor peasant, was so natural."

"But love, you see, conquered at last," said Mordaunt.

"Why, you kin bet on that, every time!" cried Pony. "Just you let a gal fall in love with a young fellow—let her souse in head and heels—why, it don't make a bit of difference what he is, she'll be bound to have him, and the more any one tries to stop it, the more she goes for him. That's a woman's nature."

"Well, I'm sure I don't thank you for the compliment," said Crissie, tartly.

"That's because you know that it's the truth," returned Pony. "You women are all alike, and you're as bad as any of them. I know yer, like a book. If you took a fancy to a fellow, you'd go through thick and thin for him."

"Now I think that is something of a compliment, Miss Crissie," said the actor, laughing. "If I should fall in love with a girl, I should like her to love me that way in return. Not a love only in the sunshine, but a love through storm and gloom. It is care and sorrow that try love, and the pure, true passion alone will stand the test."

"Well, I have never been in love, that I know of, in all my life," said Crissie, in a tone that had a slight degree of hesitation

in it; "but I think that, if I did fall in love and get married, I should expect to share my husband's burthens as well as his joys, and that sorrow and care would only make me cling tighter to him."

"You can bet your stamps on it, every time!" cried Pony, emphatically. "Crissie is little, but she's spunky, I tell yer."

"Do be quiet," said Crissie, quickly.

"Well, you know you are," returned Pony. "I rayther think you'll make your 'old man' stand round when you get one."

"Why, Pony, how can you say such a thing?" demanded Crissie, a little indignant. "I'm sure that I shall love my husband—that is if I ever get one—and I shall try and be a good little wife. I don't say that I will be one, but I say I'll try. I shan't be afraid of work, and I shall be willing to do my part."

"That is fair!" cried Mordaunt, taking a shy glance at the earnest little face of Crissie.

"Of course it's fair!" exclaimed Pony.

By this time the little party had reached the Bowery. They had been closely followed by the Slasher and his gang.

As the actor and his friends crossed the street, the Slasher and his roughs came close behind them.

"We'll turn down the Bowery, go through Delancy street, and get into Rivington again, ahead of them," said Duke, to his "crowd," as they crossed the street.

"Jump, boys, lively," he said, as he hurried onward; "we got to make three blocks to their one."

At a smart run the Slasher and his gang passed down the Bowery, turned into Delancy street, and went on till they came to Forsyth street, then turned up Forsyth and so got again into Rivington, about half a block ahead of the actor and his companions. They, not dreaming of danger, had walked slowly along, chatting as they went.

"It's all O. K.," said Duke, as his quick eye caught sight of his intended victim coming leisurely down the street. "There's a dark place just beyond Allen street. We'll lay for him there. So come on, boys."

The Slasher and his party hurried forward. Passing Allen street, they came to the dark block that the Slasher had spoken of.

It was admirably suited for the purpose.

A dark entry-way served as a place of concealment for two of the roughs. Two more hid behind a coal-box, in front of a grocery store.

"Now," said the Slasher, "I'll walk up the street, then come back slowly, so as to meet our man right here; then you jump on him."

"We've to finish him if we can, eh?" asked the Englishman.

"Yes, that's the programme," coolly returned the Slasher. "Mind, don't all go for the actor; two of you wait the other feller—you two behind the coal-box. The other two and I will settle the actor chap. Don't miss him, now."

"I wish I was as sure of a five-pound note—and that's about thirty dollars of your money—as I am of settling this bloke," said the Englishman, swinging a sand-club carelessly in his hand; that is, a long canvas bag filled with sand; a most dangerous weapon, and one greatly in use in England by the garroters and burglars.

"Oh, we'll fix him easy enough!" cried the rough known as Jimmy, drawing a "life-preserver" from his pocket—another English weapon—a ball of lead incased in leather, and with a little handle, also of leather. Few men live to tell of being struck by it.

"All right, boys; keep your eyes peeled. And with this parting admonition the Slasher sauntered down the street.

As he walked onward he drew his weapon—an ugly-looking slung-shot—from his pocket.

"Let me see," he mused, "three hundred for the job. There's forty to pay the fellers; that leaves me two hundred and sixty. That's a tidy little sum for a night's work, and an easy one, too, 'cos we kin lay him out in about two minutes. A very nice little job. I wish I could git four or five more, just like it."

Then the Slasher turned round and commenced to walk back again, slowly; timing his gait so as to arrive in front of the ambush of his gang, at the same instant as the actor and his friends, who, totally unconscious of danger, were coming along chatting together.

"We are nearly home," said Mordaunt, as they came on.

"Yes, I shall be glad," observed Crissie, "for I'm quite tired."

"Well, I ain't," said Pony.

"You don't sit at a sewing-machine all day long," replied Crissie.

"Well, I knows it, but I sells 'taters,' an' the way I hollers is a caution to weak nerves. Then I looks arter January too, an' that hoes is a heap of trouble now, I tell you."

Then the three saw the Slasher advancing carelessly up the street, but of course paid no heed to the fact.

The actor and his party met the Slasher just before they got to the grocery. The Slasher passed them, then quickly turned and made a blow at Mordaunt's head with the slung-shot, and at the same time he shouted to his gang:

"Go fur 'em, boys!"

The roughs sprang from their hiding-places, weapons in hand.

The Slasher had miscalculated the distance, and his blow, intended to fell the actor to the ground missed him. Before he could recover himself, the actor's saber flashed from the scabbard, and the bright blade whirling through the air, slashed Duke across the face, cutting his cheek and nose open, and hurling him into the gutter bleeding and senseless.

Pony, quick as New York boys generally are, comprehended the attack in an instant. He floored the first ruffian with the carpet-bag, saluted the second one with a tremendous kick in the stomach, which doubled him up in speechless agony upon the pavement. The third rough took to his heels at once, without waiting to participate in the encounter, after beholding the reception of his comrades.

The Englishman had approached behind Mordaunt, when he had turned to encounter the Slasher, and with a tremendous blow of his sand-club would, beyond a doubt, have settled the actor for this world, had not Crissie perceived his intention, and throwing up her arm received the whole weight of the blow upon it. With a shrill scream of pain, the poor girl sunk down at the feet of the man whose life she had saved. The rough took to his heels and ran for dear life.

The encounter had ended. Three of the roughs lay disabled on the pavement or in the gutter.

With a cry of horror, the actor raised the senseless form of Crissie from the ground.

"She is killed!" he cried.

"No, she only fainted; she got the blow on her arm; bring her into the house!" exclaimed Pony.

"And these fellows?" said Mordaunt, as he bore the light form of Crissie in his arm down the street.

"Better let 'em be. We don't want to mix up in the muck. It's John Duke, the Slasher, and his Baxter street gang. I know 'em. They have mistook us for somebody else, 'cos of course they ain't got any thing ag'in' us," said Pony, as they walked rapidly down the street.

But a suspicion haunted the mind of the actor that it was not accident, but another well-planned attack upon his life, and he easily guessed from whose hand came the blow.

Crissie was conveyed into the house, placed upon the bed in her cosy little room, that so strongly showed the neatness of its occupant, and a doctor was sent for. He came, examined Crissie's arm—by this time she had recovered from her faint—pronounced it a simple fracture, and said that it would soon be well, and in a few weeks she could again use it.

Great was the joy of both Mordaunt and her brother when they learned that Crissie's hurt was far from being a dangerous one in its nature.

And as for Mr. John Duke and his companions, they picked themselves up with many curses, and slowly proceeded homeward to their dens in the heart of the bloody Sixth ward.

The slash that Duke had received across the face bled profusely, and did not add to that worthy's beauty. He cursed his ill-luck with many a bitter oath.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 20.)

Among the Evergreens.

BY VERMILLION VERNE.

"You must remember she is only a governess."

As the proud beauty spoke, she swept haughtily across the room, and stood at the wide-open window, looking out among the evergreens that surrounded the house.

Richard Wayne was soon beside her, saying: "Indeed, Clara, my aunt seems to like her very much, and that is saying a great deal, you know. She seldom finds one who suits her notions, but Madge does."

"Oh! no doubt she is a clever teacher; but for all that, one can not help thinking of her position, so inferior to—"

"To yours, I suppose you mean to say," said Dick, somewhat quickly, picking at the rose Clara had placed in his buttonhole. The coquette looked up hastily, but Dick kept on.

"For my part, I can not see why our stations in life should make such vast differences in our feelings as it too often does. It seems to me that if a person has talents and accomplishments, though fate has not placed wealth at his command, he would still be the equal of one who has money at his disposal and a lack of brains. I do not know but I may have different ideas on this subject from you. Be that as it may, Madge Lee seems to be a lady, despite her misfortunes, if so we may call them!"

Dick did not see the quick, angry flush that sprang to Clara's cheek; or if he did he did not notice it. It was gone a moment later, however, and Miss Holmes replied, indifferently:

"Oh! yes; she is a pretty little creature; but I am afraid I shall never like her."

"Why not? Are you afraid she will prove a rival? No danger of that, I think. But we will not quarrel."

As Dick spoke, he took Clara's arm, and together they passed out into the lawn. They did not see the little figure crouching among the evergreens under the window; and they did not hear her say:

"So I am only a governess! Well, well, my haughty beauty, we shall see."

There was a hurt, grieved look on Madge's cheek, and the bright tears glistened on the dewy eyelashes for a moment as she watched Richard walking slowly up and down the gravel walk with Clara by his side—a willing captive. Then brushing away the resentful tears, she passed into the house.

"Madge?"

It was Mrs. Holme's voice. She was standing in the parlor-door as the governess entered.

"Is it not time to commence school? The children are wondering why you do not come. Are you not well this morning?" She had noticed the grave look on Madge's face, so unlike her usual bright manner.

"Yes, I am well; only tired."

Yes, she *was* tired—tired of life, tired of her work—tired of every thing.

In the schoolroom the children were all day restless and uneasy; but poor, weary Madge toiled along with her aching heart—toiling for a mere pittance. At last the little clock in the corner struck the hour of four, and then the children, so long restrained, went shouting out of the schoolroom, leaving Madge alone.

Gathering up the books, and arranging the flowers in the little vase on the table, she turned to go from the room, when a soft footstep startled her, and looking up she saw Richard Wayne. He clasped her in his arms, and drawing her to a seat beside him, said:

"Well, Madge, I have come for my answer. What shall it be?"

"Please, Dick, do not ask me that again. I have already told you I can never be your wife. Do not pain me any more when it can never be!"

"Don't you love me, Madge?"

"I have already given you my answer, Mr. Wayne. I will not disgrace you by becoming your bride. Please don't look so utterly heart-broken; it is better so. We will still be old friends, nothing more."

"Then you do love me just a little bit; but will not answer me as your heart dictates, because you are poor? Say, is it not so?"

She laid her white hand softly on his strong arm, as she answered:

"Dick, you must not talk like this any more. It is useless, and will only add to the torture of parting. You will soon forget me for the smiles of Clara Holmes. After all I am 'only a governess!'"

Madge strove to speak bravely, but her voice faltered a little, in spite of her efforts.

"No, Madge, I never will forget you."

"Don't be too sure, Dick. I will go away, and stand in your way no longer. It is best so. I am only a governess."

There was a little rustle as the door opened, and the next moment the spot where she stood was vacant. Just as she passed out into the hall Clara Holmes was passing up to her room. Hardly had she seen Madge than she dropped the bouquet of flowers given her by Richard.

"Hand my flowers," she said, in a commanding tone, at the same time giving the governess a haughty look. Madge's eyes flashed, and the rich color sprang to her brow.

"Do you hear, Miss Lee? Pick up my bouquet!"

"I will not. I know I am only a governess; but if you think to make a servant of me, you are mistaken!"

Clara frowned.

"Indeed! you are independent for a menial."

Stooping proudly, she grasped the flowers and passed to her chamber.

In her own room Madge sunk into a chair, and, giving way to tears, wept for some time alone. Then growing calmer she brushed away the tears, and springing up, loosened the band that confined her, loosened the golden locks and let them fall in a wavy billow over her fair shoulders, and then stood before the glass. It was a pretty face she saw there. Brown eyes, soft and lustrous as the stars of heaven; curls, brilliant as gold, cheeks like lilies, and a full, tender mouth, with lips of cherries closing over teeth of pearl. Madge knew she was handsome, and for a few minutes she remained there, gazing into the mirror, and thinking—thinking deeply.

Then putting back the masses of hair, she drew a paper from the shelf before her, and in a moment read:

"A well-educated, accomplished young lady wanted for teacher, and, if young and pretty, perhaps adoption."

"Mr. & Mrs. LYNN."

"Who knows," whispered Madge. "I will try at least. And if successful, then, proud beauty, we will see."

A little later the governess slipped out of the door, leading into the thickening twilight, and took her way in the direction of the No. 10 indicated by Mr. Lynn's advertisement.

"Please, miss, will you come at once? My mother is sick, dying perhaps, and if you would come we would be so glad."

Richard Wayne paused in his walk and listened. It was a poor lad clothed in tattered clothes, standing by a young lady, plainly dressed.

"Certainly, my little fellow. Will you tell me where you live?"

It was a strangely clear and musical voice, that.

"Only a few steps down the street, miss, and how good you are to come. You see we are all alone now, mother and I; and we are so poor, too. This is the sev-

enth day she has been sick, and I thought we must have some one to see her."

"What! has she had no physician all this time?" and Margaret Lynn started back in astonishment.

"No, miss. We are so poor no one will come to help us."

"And your mother sick, too? It is shameful! Here, take this money and run to some doctor's office, quick, and tell him to come at once. But no, I will do that. You take this money and go into this shop and buy a good piece of steak, a loaf of bread and some crackers. What number is it?"

"No. 7 Blank Row," said the boy, as he hastened into the shop with the money tightly clasped in his hand as if afraid of losing it.

The little benefactress hastened down the street, but in a moment she started back as she saw that a gentleman had been watching her.

"Will you please direct me to the nearest doctor's office?" she asked, timidly, of Richard Wayne.

"I am a physician, fair lady. And if you will allow me I will accompany you on your errand of mercy."

"Then you have heard what we said?" a little glow of confusion overspreading her features.

"Yes; and though I do not know your name I will say I am glad the poor have so good a friend as you are; we will proceed at once."

"My name is Margaret Lynn," she said, in explanation; "and I was on my way to visit a sick friend when I met this poor boy. I hope you will not think me bold, doctor; but I go where duty calls me—and—"

"Oh! I am glad to meet you, Miss Lynn. I am pleased to find one young lady who feels her duty as you do. For I must confess there are not many young ladies of your standing who would lower themselves enough to visit a poor sufferer. But here we are."

It was a poor tenement-house, shattered and torn no doubt by the storms of half a century. Lifting the latch, they passed into the room. A poor woman lay on a humble couch moaning pitifully. It was plain to be seen that she was dangerously sick with a high fever. Taking in the situation at a glance, the two friends at once proceeded to make themselves useful. Miss Lynn, with a tasty hand, arranged the pillows, while Doctor Wayne administered a cooling medicine that immediately relieved the burning brow.

"Your little son found us and sent us here," Margaret said, gently, as she saw the look of astonishment on the woman's face. "This gentleman here is a doctor, who has come to help you. And here comes your boy."

"Heaven bless you, kind people! I believe God sent you to me in my trouble. I knew He would not forsake us."

Soon after a bright fire blazed in the only stove the poor room afforded, and from the little kettle on the top there came a delicious odor that greeted the grateful woman's olfactory, and— but we can't stop to tell you all about the woman's sickness and convalescence; of Miss Lynn's coming every day to see her, and how Dr. Wayne always managed somehow to make his visits at the same hours as did, as it does not concern our story, only that the doctor came to look with impatience for her appearance in the splendid carriage of the Lynns. And Madge—well, she, too, grew to await the young doctor's arrival with strange feelings, and one day, when a splendid span of grays drew up at the Lynn House, and Richard sprang up the steps and called for Madge, she went down with a bright flush on her beautiful face, and met him in the hall.

"Please, Madge," said Richard, as he grasped her hand, "I do not know what you think of me, but I love you, Madge Lynn."

"Richard—Mr. Wayne, do not say that. You do not know me. I am only Mr. Lynn's child by adoption. Look at me, Richard, I am only the governess, Madge Lee."

"Are you really my aunt's little governess? You are," he said, as he steadfastly gazed on her features, "and I did not know you. Do you think that would make me love you less? No, I love you all the better now."

"But what of Clara Holmes?"

"She is nothing to me. I learned her true character that day she called you a servant, Madge. That was enough for me. I have not seen her since. And now will you be my wife?"

"If you love me so much, yes."

"Darling Madge!"

Then there was a kiss bestowed on some one's cheek, and some one said:

"Please, Richard, don't. Right here in the hall. Some one will see you!"

Miss Holmes bowed haughtily over the dainty card on which was the invitation to the wedding of Mr. Richard Wayne and Miss Madge Lee, and yet sighed deeply. She had played a life-game and was defeated, but she buried her chagrin as best she could.

A Man's Honor. The nobility there is in human nature is strikingly illustrated in the character of the actor, in the "Romance of a Ruby Ring." His love for one woman, and his devotion to another, are exemplifications of the battle which many an honorable man has to fight with circumstances. Especially let the mean, jealous woman be reproved, who sees in her lover's or husband's consideration of other women something bad or wrong.

Saturday Journal

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THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any New Dealer in the United States or Canada. Persons remote from a New Dealer, or those wishing to subscribe, may receive their papers direct from our office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance.

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Contributors and Correspondents.

NOTE FOR CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Manuscripts are almost daily brought in by the mail-carrier, upon which are marked "Due 6c," "Due 10c," "Due 20c,"—which are to be returned to the contributors. This underpayment of postage is, in many cases, owing to a misapprehension of the law. Manuscripts are entitled to "Book Rates," viz: two cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof;—only when the package is marked "Book MS." and is remitted in a wrapper open at one or both ends. Nor must the inclosure contain a line of anything but the MS. proper. A note to publisher or editor subjects the whole to full "Letter Rates," viz: three cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. The same is the case where the manuscript is remitted in a close envelope, even though the same be marked "Book MS."

In answer to inquiries:—Can I obtain all the back numbers of "MARKED MINER"? Can I obtain all of the numbers containing "THE SCARLET HAND"? etc., etc., we say we can supply complete sets of the SATURDAY JOURNAL at all times. An order direct to this office, or through your newsdealer, will be quickly filled.

Sketch "Mrs. Derry's Proposal" we shall not be able to use. The story is well conceived, but rather long in the telling, and is somewhat defective as to composition. Authors must not depend upon editors or proof-readers to punctuate and put in quotation marks for them.

We may use "A TOTAL FAILURE." Also, "THE ART OF COURTSHIP."

Can not use "THE SHADOW HAND." It is quite too long for the story it tells. No stamps.

Romance, "FATAL SCAR," not available. It will answer for some popular paper, but not for our use.

"WESTERN INQUIRY." Story, "MY PASSENGERS" was published in No. 16. Copies sent.

Stamps received from C. R. C., and the three sketches returned.

Poem, "THE SLEEP," we shall not use. Ditto poem, "LAVIE." Ditto sketches, "GALADY AT RAVENSWARD," "MY THREE LOVES," "THE GREEN TABLE SECRET," "A ROSE IN THE HAIR," "WHEN JUNE MEETS DECEMBER," "A GROVE'S TITTLATATTLE," "SPENCER HOME'S BROTHERHOOD," "A MAN WOMAN," "CLARA LAUNDRY'S GUESTS," "THREE NIGHTS IN A MAD ROOM," "THE JEW'S COFFER," etc., etc.

We repeat, foreign stories are not desirable. Readers want what is American, in persons, incidents and feeling. A good German tale is not as available as a good American tale; but, as we have plenty of good American tales, German, French and English productions are not essential to the make-up of a first-class popular paper. And especially undesirable, because all papers which get along on the cheap use this foreign matter, simply because it is to be had for little or nothing as to cost. We do not "pad" our columns to reduce the cost of matter, as do many professedly popular journals. We find our space all too small to get in the good things, of which we have such ample store always on hand.

"ELITE THORNE" wants us to give her our ideas as to the education proper for her. The main thing, we take it, is to get a good, thorough knowledge of all the English branches usually taught in our schools. A really good scholar in arithmetic, grammar, orthography and geography is a far rarer thing than most persons suspect. We know numberless college graduates who can not, for their lives, spell or punctuate correctly, and the common conversion of a large class of "educated" persons is full of inaccuracies of speech and pronunciation. Our system of pressing books into the scholar's hand is a vicious one. Three studies at a time are ample. Usually the scholar has six. The text-books are faulty, boring, cursory rather than exhaustive and complete. This stuffing process is making us a nation of ill-educated and awkward people. If Elsie wants to become a writer, she must lay broad and deep the foundations of her knowledge of English grammar, composition, history and political economy. She can never hope to succeed as a writer if she is half informed. Take time; don't try to get an education in two years; two years, from thirteen to eighteen, should be years of study, and the three years following years of reading and observation. In this way, alone, will she become qualified for the profession of letters.

"PRINCE" can't keep a school, we should say, judging by his letter to us. The day has gone by when a "readin', writin' and cipherin'" answer for the requirements of a schoolmaster.

"LEONINE" asks, "What is the 'Sorosis'?" We don't know. It was, nominally, a sisterhood of literary women, who gathered monthly at an aristocratic restaurant to partake of a cheap lunch, and to become acquainted with one another. It soon became a mutual admiration society, where women of small wit and great pretensions soon overpowered the women of brains; and it is now, we believe, a kind of association of fashion reporters and reformers of the Agitation school. Our best literary ladies give it a "wide berth." It is chiefly popular with the Bohemians.

Increasing Demand. We receive numerous complaints from readers that the supply of the SATURDAY JOURNAL is so early exhausted. We print heavy editions to keep pace with the steadily increasing demand for the paper. Where dealers fail to secure a proper supply, their order should be repeated; but in the hurry and press of trade, they may fail to do so. Readers will, in all such cases, be supplied by the publishers direct, on receipt of the price of papers.

Foolscap Papers.

The Visiting Missionary Business.

EVER since I was a boy, when every copper, which peculiarly associated itself with candy, was persuaded from its original destiny to furnish palatable missionaries to the gentlemanly Sandwich Islanders, I have had the utmost sympathy for the heathen. The very fact of their living so far away has stirred all the pity of my heart for them. Withdrawn afar from the advantages of civilization—straight waistcoats and hanging—I have made them my principal care, thinking of them when I laid me down to sleep, and wondering if they should ever behold our Congress, whether the pennies of all the little heathen children would not be called into requisition to send missionaries there.

While a boy, and looking at pictures of Hindoos, if I have so far forgotten myself as to open the sharp, broken blade of my knife and cut their throats, or have stabbed them in the breast ten leaves deep, I can't account for it, and I offer my apology at this late day.

Knowing of my disinterested love for the Hindoos, the charitable ladies of our church appointed me visiting missionary to solicit donations for the aforesaid heathen. With a neat speech they presented me with a basket to hold the donations, and my response, that failed to appear in the *Tribune*, was entirely to the point, and I started out.

Of course I visited all the national banks, and accepted with dignity due to my station, and received their donations with a liberal hand, went into all the principal business houses, and was pleased with the treatment. Everybody was patriotic in the cause, and gave without stint. Came near falling from grace once, went into a saloon, called for a glass of rye, and drank it before I recovered myself—that was a narrow escape. Entered all the residences on that street. They all gave liberally—one gave me a little more dishwater than was necessary. Only got hot water in one house and kicked out of two. Considered the cause for which I suffered, and consoled myself with the idea that I would get a testimonial from the intelligent Hindoos some day. Perhaps I visited a hundred houses, and found the family absent from many of them, but I say it with a great moral pride that I never took any thing off the mantelpieces. Can't you congratulate me? I make this admission because I have since heard that some spoons and things have been missed along the route.

The following is a schedule of the articles donated:

Four hoop-skirts, old and large.
One bottle of podogogue.
Three combs—very fine.
One and a half pairs of boots.
One doll baby, which had lost its head, but in all other respects healthy.
Four last year's bonnets.
One set of pure lottery jewelry.
Here my load getting a little heavy, I hired a cart and proceeded.
Eleven pairs of skates.
One cashmere shawl, without the cash.
One grindstone, first water.
One straw feather bed.
Two pairs stockings, elaborately holed.
Another pair of old boots.
One waterfall, extra heavy.
One broken set of dishes.
One kraut-cutter.
One cent, supposed to be a counterfeit.
One receipt for making egg-nogg.
One old kitchen stove with the necessary wear and tear.
One disembodied army overcoat.
One set of old furs.
One lot brass buttons; improved currency.

Here I hired another cart, and kept on.
One old-fashion bedstead.
Three boxes of lily-white.
One set of false teeth, on rubber plate.
One book of Hoyle's games.
One minstrel song book.
Thirteen pairs mittens.
Ten pairs buffalo overshoes.
Two old umbrellas with detached handles and holes to let the rain out.
Fourteen plug hats, oldest.
One lot of blacking—which the Hindoo belles use for face-powder.
Twelve napkins, without the nap.
Two cook books.
One bunch tooth-picks, second-hand.
Nine tooth-brushes, do.
Another cent.
Three street car tickets.

Two corsets.
One book New Jersey language in fifty easy lessons.

One patent office report, for meditative reading.
One gubernatorial message, for beginners in English.

One bustle.
One barrel soft soap.
Three unroofed parasols.
One rocking-chair with detached back.

Six dirty shirts.
Two Franklin stoves.
One stringed instrument they call an apron.

One foolscap full of advice to Hindoo belles, with a receipt to remove tan.
One Shanghai rooster.
One box of tracts for starving heathens.
One box of pills.

When I surveyed this sudden accumulation of riches, I must confess that I took a

somewhat personal view of it, and resolved upon the happy expedient of putting it all up at auction, forgetting completely what a great deprivation it would be to the heathen. I never once thought of that, or if I thought any thing about it at all, I concluded I could hold the proceeds of the sale until called upon by a deputation of responsible Hindoos.

So I drove up in front of the Astor House, hung out a red garment I had received for a flag, hired a dry lawyer to ring a bell, and began the sale.

The articles were going off like warm cakes at a free lunch, and the money rolled in very much like it does in a poor man's dream, when up slipped one of those blue, brassy gentlemen of the club, which the city hires to hit the wrong man over the head, and never arrest the right one, and said the official at the police court desired an interview with me, and a little conversation on the subject of breach of trust. I went; another policeman took charge of my valuable possessions, and I was bound over to keep the peace, but was allowed to keep nothing else.

It is needless to say, as the seamstress remarked, that Hindoo stock is much below par, and I go around a disciple of Baal.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

CALUMNY.

ACCORDING to the modern dictionaries, this word meaneth slander, but the definition which occurs in the dictionary of Eve Lawless (due notice of the publication of the same will be given) consists of the words "they say."

I don't feel very saucy this morning—at least I hadn't ought to, for I am sitting by the window of the "Gassamer House," with the latest number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL before me and a pitcher of the coldest ice-water close at hand, so I suppose I ought to keep cool. But, I can't; there is always something to excite my angelic (?) temper, which even ice-water don't seem to be able to keep down. You see, Mrs. Doubtlongue has just been in, and remarked that it did not seem just the thing for a single young woman like myself to sit so much at an open window, for the young men would stare so.

I was Lawless enough to answer that I thought said young men showed excellent taste.

But she continued with: "It does cause remarks, and they say—"

Well, at this point I just interrupted her by asking: "Will you be so good as to inform me who are the individuals who take such an interest in my welfare, and whom you designate as 'they say'?"

She couldn't do it—she couldn't mention a single individual, solitary one; and that brings to the mind of Eve Lawless a whole set of ready-made anathemas to hurl upon the heads of those persons who find it so handy to have the pronoun and verb of "they say" at their tongues' end, but won't keep them there!

Not a bit of it! They let them fall, thick and heavy; and their weight being far from light, cause quite a sensation, often on the most unoffending parties. Supposing you and I get mad some day with Miss Talk-aheap, and we desire to say some ill of her, but we don't dare for all the world to let any one know that we circulated the report: it is so particularly easy to remark that "they say so and so." You perceive that "they" in this case, might mean four and it might mean as many as the subscribers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL (and I should have to use a few hundred thousand figures if I were to tell you just exactly how many that is).

Somebody once wrote to me (I can't for the life of me think whether it was Wilkie Collins or gran'ma Lawless) inquiring if I thought men ever loved to gossip, or talk scandal. I kinder didn't want to say "yes" for fear of offending Charley; and I didn't like to say "no," for the good Sunday-school books don't think it right to tell lies. Let me look and find out what my proverbial book has to say on the subject.

A calumny, though known to be such, generally leaves a stain on the reputation. I believe that! Men talk scandal! I don't guess they do—I know it! Just look into the political papers at election time and see the awful names the editors call their opponents. They must have the credit of being sincere, even though they do use naughty words, that I shouldn't want to "speak right out in meetin'!" They don't beat round the bush with the base insinuation of "they say," if a man is a liar, they call him a liar.

If I wasn't afraid of being accused of moralizing, I might remark that I think an appropriate epitaph on many a grave-stone would be, "Died of 'They Say.'" Just put some oil on that dress of yours, and you may scrub, scrub, but it will leave a stain. It's the same with calumny; it's a foul blot, and if there is a road that lies a mile out of your way that avoids it, take it.

You'll never repent it; say so! I am very well aware of the fact that women can't be too careful of their reputation, and I am also aware how "people" will talk; but let once somebody talk about you, my dear sisters, and it isn't quite so easy to throw off the calumny—it blackens and it will leave a stain on you for ever.

Take for an example a case. Monday morning a report comes out in the "Daily Ramrod" about a case of shop-lifting by a female. You'll find that almost every one has seen the account. Tuesday

morning the report is contradicted, and you won't find a dozen who have read the contradiction. I don't know whether the circulation of the Tuesday edition wasn't as large as that of Monday, or whether we are more prone to read evil of any one than good, but I do know that the female in question went to her grave with some hundreds believing her guilty, a few remarking— "Poor thing! it was well she died thus; as she was a shoplifter, she might have become a murderer had she lived." "They say she was not all she should be." Why wasn't there some kind voice to answer, "She was unjustly accused?" Of course, Mrs. Makchellevepiety would say— "I trust she died a Christian, but I'm glad I haven't the crime of shoplifting to answer for!"

If I had been at that funeral, and heard such a remark, I should just have opened my pocket-Bible at the story of the Pharisee and the Publican, and showed her the words: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

But I must get on another tack, and ask, why is it that men never seem to be blamed for their "going astray." Their dereliction from the straight course of duty is called "Sowing wild oats." Don't women ever have wild oats to sow?

"Miss Lawless, will you be good enough to tell us what you do mean by this rigmorole?" cries the exasperated editor.

Well, that's provoking, after I've been scribbling over several pages of foolscap. But I do mean to say that I abominate calumny; I have a horror of being "talked about," and if you talk against any one in my presence, and commence with "they say," I shall feel like leaving the room and slamming the door in your face. Still I have an angelic temper.

[Query by the Sat. Jour. Ed.: "Do you never say some little things against your friends, and haven't you been doing it in this article?"]

How cruel of you! Don't you see I'm paid to do it, and that makes some difference; yet they say—

"Ah, Miss Eve, we've caught you now!" cries the editor, and I must confess myself.

EVE LAWLESS.

WEALTH.

ONE great cause of the poverty of the present day is the failure of the people to appreciate small things—they say that if they can not save large sums, they will not save any thing. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will soon make a large pile; if the young men and young women of to-day will only begin, and begin now, to save a little from their earnings, and plant in the soil of some good savings-bank, and weekly or monthly add their mite, they will wear a happy smile of competence and independence when they reach middle life. Not only the pile itself will increase, but the desire and ability to increase it will also grow.

Let clerk and tradesman, laborer and artisan, make now and at once a beginning. Store up some of your youthful force and vigor for future contingencies. Let parents teach their children to begin early to save. Begin at the fountain head to control the stream of extravagance, and then the work will be easy. To choose between spending and saving is to choose between poverty and riches. Let our youth go on in the habits of extravagance for fifty years to come as they have for fifty years past, and we shall be a nation of beggars with a moneyed aristocracy. Let a generation of such as save in small sums be reared, and we shall be free from want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant fortunes, but seek that which is the duty of every man to obtain— independence and a comfortable home. Wealth and enough is within the reach of all. It is obtainable by one process, and by one only— saving.

Let a generation of such as save in small sums be reared, and we shall be free from want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant fortunes, but seek that which is the duty of every man to obtain— independence and a comfortable home. Wealth and enough is within the reach of all. It is obtainable by one process, and by one only— saving.

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WHAT "KATY DID."

BY NAME.

Yes, I know what "Katy did." Never mind how, only I know— And if you'll keep the secret hid, I'll tell you the story, too; softly, though.

It was down in the winding lane, One moonlight evening, long ago: Katy was walking with Harry Vane— He was going to sea in the "Westward Ho."

Harry bent down and whispered low, "Only one kiss, Katy, only one— We are alone here, no one will know; I shall be far away ere the week is done."

"Katy, darling, I love you so! Give me one kiss to carry to sea, Over the world, dear, far as I go, I will carry your own kiss away with me."

"Won't you, Katy?" She didn't speak; Her eyes were screened by each snowy lid, But her lips were very near his cheek, And silly Katy truly—did.

But the tall tale crickets saw it well; They were up in the leaves of the beech-tree hid, And you ought to have heard them chirp and tell, One to the other, how "Katy did."

Over and over they say it still— You can hear them when the moon is bright— Do you know I think they always will tell, "They're such little gossip-tell every night, Till naughty Katy for shame refrain, And promise never to kiss again."

City Life Sketches.

NICK BURT.

The Detective.

BY AGILE PENNE.

By name, Nicholas Burt; by profession, a detective officer. Not a regular detective—that is, not on the police staff of the city of New York, nor connected with the police department of that city in any way whatsoever. In fact, not to put a fine point on it, I think I am several cities above the aforesaid department, and I haven't a particularly good opinion of myself, either; the proof of that is my putting the little story that I'm going to tell on paper, because I don't think that it is particularly flattering to me in any respect.

In years gone by I was on the detective force of the city of Boston; but just before the war I came on to New York on professional business, and seeing a splendid chance for a business opening, I hung out my shingle as a private detective. And I must say that it was the best day's work that I ever did in all my life.

The private detective is an institution in the city of New York. Let me explain what it means.

There are a great many cases, criminal in their nature, the particulars of which the parties concerned therein—the wronged as well as the wrongers—do not desire to give to the public, but at the same time they want some sort of a settlement of the matter. The private detective secures the proofs of guilt, and the guilty parties, of course, are glad to compromise. Then those husbands who doubt their wives; wives who doubt their husbands; fathers who want the habits of their sons looked after; bank officers who have a suspicion that their cashier is living too high—more than his salary would warrant; all these parties seek the aid of the private detective.

Of course, in this brief statement I have not named one-tenth part of the clients who seek the aid of a person like myself. But to my story.

I was seated in my office one pleasant forenoon, talking with my partner—I have forgotten to mention that I have a partner, by name, Hiram Kedge, a New England Yankee, as smart as a steel trap. In fact, we detectives generally hunt in couples.

Well, as I was saying, we were talking about every thing in general and nothing in particular, when an elderly, white-haired gentleman walked into the office. I knew he was a customer at the first glance. I withdrew quietly at Hiram's for, to tell the truth, business had been dull for some time, and the appearance of a customer pleased me. Then, too, the stranger was a finely-dressed individual, splendid broadcloth, gold studs, elegant watch-chain; and, to use the Californian expression, he looked as if he would "pan out" well.

"Mr. Burt in?" asked the old gentleman, in a nervous sort of way. Our sign bore the inscription, "N. Burt & Co." Hiram was a silent partner; silent not only on the sign, but in professional life, for he rarely spoke if he could help it, but, like the Irishman's pig, he kept up a devil of a thinking.

"I am Mr. Burt," I said, rising and handing the old gentleman a chair.

"Private detective?"

"Yes, sir."

It's astonishing what a time it takes some of our customers to get at their business. Then the old gentleman fidgeted nervously with his watch-chain. I waited for him to proceed to business, because it's no use trying to hurry up matters of this sort.

At last the old gentleman spoke. "Mr. Burt, I believe that I have a little business to do with you, and I presume you preserve strictly private all business confided to your charge, particularly when it concerns family affairs?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied; "you may rely upon that."

"Ah—well, Mr. Burt, I have been robbed."

"Of what, sir?"

"Diamonds."

The value? I asked, taking notes.

About twenty thousand dollars.

I confess I started in astonishment at the sum, and even Hiram, who is rarely astonished at any thing, opened his eyes wider than usual.

"When were these taken? Any idea?—and where from?" I asked.

"Taken this morning from a bureau drawer. They are my wife's diamonds. She wore them last night at a party, and put them in the drawer about six o'clock this morning, then locked the drawer. At ten she opened it again, so that I could take them down to town to my banker's, in whose safe I always keep them. The jewels were gone."

I referred to my watch, and I saw—

"One hour ago you discovered your loss."

"Yes," answered the old man, and I said—

"Any marks on the drawer?"

"Yes; it was forced open."

"We had better go at once and examine," I suggested.

So we proceeded in the old gentleman's carriage, in which he had come to our office, to his residence on Fifth avenue.

The house was a gorgeous affair, both inside and out.

Hiram and I examined the drawer. It was as plain as the nose on one's face—I mean the way it had been forced open.

I instantly "tumbled" to the little game. I saw by Hiram's face that he was as wide awake as myself.

From the position of the room and the time of the robbery, as well as from the manner in which the drawer had been forced open, it was clear to me that an inmate of the house had done the job.

"Does any member of your household own a Bowie knife about eight inches long?" I guessed the length of the blade by the width, which I already knew.

"Yes; my son," answered the old gentleman, sadly.

I would have told him right off who the robber was, but I didn't want to appear too smart.

"Does your son reside with you?"

"Yes."

"Will you show me to his room?"

We proceeded up to the next floor, and in the son's room, carelessly thrown down in the closet, was the Bowie knife that he had used to force open the drawer.

"I'm afraid your son is the man, sir," I said, and I really pitied the old gentleman.

"I'm afraid so, too," he said, with a sigh; "that's the reason I came to you. He said, after I discovered the loss, that he could probably get them back by paying the thieves two or three thousand dollars."

This struck me as being one of the coolest operations that I had ever heard of.

"I suppose I will have to do it," continued the old gentleman, sadly; "he is going to the devil fast, and I don't know any way to stop him."

"Send him to Sing Sing," said Hiram, curtly.

"I couldn't do that, gentlemen; he is my only son," said the old man, quickly. "I suppose I shall have to pay the money."

"I think I can get 'em back for about a hundred," said I, after thinking for a moment.

"Indeed!" cried the old gentleman, eagerly.

"Yes; of course he's taken the diamonds out of the house and hid 'em somewhere. Now my plan is this: We'll bring a hack, get him out of the house some way after dark, clap him in the back, carry him down to our office, and I guess we can frighten him into telling where the jewels are."

"That will do excellently," said the old gentleman, quickly, his face lighting up as he spoke. "He generally goes out about eight in the evening."

"Is there any other young man in the house?"

"No."

"Well, we'll be here with the hack, on the other side of the street, about seven. If your son is in, why at seven exactly send one of your servants out on some errand; come to the front door with him, my partner will be on the watch on the other side of the street, and that will be our signal that he is in the house. If he doesn't come out, why we'll come to the house and take him—call him out and nab him."

"No more violence, gentlemen, than you can help," he said, earnestly.

"No, of course not."

Then we departed. As we descended the stairs we happened to look up, and caught a female head looking over one of the balusters of the upper flight of stairs, apparently watching us. I shouldn't have thought the circumstance any thing wonderful, but the head instantly disappeared the moment I looked up. Now, this was suspicious.

We left the house and returned to our office.

At a quarter to seven, exactly that evening, Hiram and I, in a hack, halted just a little way below the old gentleman's house, but on the other side of the street.

At seven to the minute the old gentleman appeared at the door and started a servant off.

"It's all right," I said, to Hiram, "our man's there. We had better nab him the moment he gets down the steps."

"Yes," said Hiram.

The hackman was in his box. He had been with Hiram and myself before on some of these little expeditions, and knew his business.

So Hiram and I sauntered over and stood on the curbstone in front of the house, apparently very busy talking politics.

We hadn't been there ten minutes when the door of the old gentleman's house opened, and a young man with a slouch hat pulled down over his brows, and a coat buttoned to the throat, came down the steps.

I could see even in the darkness, that he had a sort of a devil-may-care way about him.

"Let's go for him," said I, to Hiram, significantly, as the young fellow stepped upon the pavement.

We went for him.

We had the handcuffs on in a twinkling. He was a little astonished.

"You're my prisoner; don't make any resistance or it will be the worse for you," I said, sternly, flourishing a big revolver before his eyes.

Then we put him into the coach and he went as meek as a lamb.

"We'll rake in that hundred," I said, quietly, to Hiram, as we got into the hack.

"You bet," he replied. "Hiram don't say much, but he gets more sense in less words than any other man that I ever met with."

On our way down-town in the coach, we amused ourselves, Hiram and I, in discussing how many years our prisoner would get at Sing Sing. Our game, you know, was to frighten him all we could. But he never said a word.

We got him up into our office and lighted the gas. We took one look at our prisoner, and—well, we swore worse than the army in Flanders.

Our prisoner was a woman.

A girl dressed in the clothes of the young fellow that we were after. The very girl who had watched and overheard us in the morning. She was in love with the scamp, and had saved him from us. She was his mother's maid.

The young cuss, thanks to the girl, got off to Canada, and we had to pay him two thousand dollars for the diamonds. We negotiated the affair for the old gent. But if you want to hear my partner swear, just ask him, if he ever arrested a woman.

A Precious Ring was the Ruby Ring, about whose story Dr. Turner has thrown a deep and pathetic interest. Few keepakes of love ever had a stranger history.

A Beautiful Ghost.

BY E. A. MEIKLEHAM.

It was early in the year 1893 that Mrs. Morgan came to live in our village—one of the prettiest hamlets on the Hudson.

A cottage belonging to my mother, called the "Dovecote," was offered for rent. There were several applicants for it; but the only really satisfactory one was a childless young widow who signed herself Cora Morgan.

A fortnight after applying for the cottage, Mrs. Morgan took possession; and in due time we, the old inhabitants of R—, called on her.

My sister and I were among the first to call. Lena, a shy puss, dreaded going to see a stranger. I did not like it much myself; but mother was not well enough to go, so we had to do it, and we both felt anxious to have the disagreeable visit in the past instead of the future.

I remember the day we went, perfectly. It was a glorious afternoon, mild and sunshiny. Until then the winter had been such a stormy one that Lena and I had not been able to wear our new bonnets, and we donned them on that day for the first time. Lena looked lovely in hers; and, now that I am a matron with six little roysters around me, I feel myself at liberty to confess that the glimpse I caught of myself in the looking-glass was by no means unsatisfactory.

We had a slight quarrel at starting, as to which road we should take. Lena spoke for the fields, saying that it was a shame to walk on hard roads when the soft, grassy turf was so inviting. I said we were too old to scamper about the country, climbing over fences like children. Lena laughed, and asked whether I would hold the same opinion if Mr. Vinton's house were in the fields, or if Frank Seymour—who was studying law with his friend Vinton—had an office of his own in such a situation.



A BEAUTIFUL GHOST.

I was vexed with her for putting into words that which I did not acknowledge, even to my own secret thoughts; and at once agreed to the field plan.

My fun-loving little sister now became very penitent, and begged my forgiveness, saying, at the same time, she was perfectly willing to go my way. But my pride was now roused, so we struck off through the fields.

This little scene completely upset my rather uneven temper; and I was quite prepared to find Mrs. Morgan a bore, and the visit a dull one.

We reached the cottage. A neat servant ushered us into the well-known parlor, where the furniture remained just as the tenant had left it; but the aspect of the room was much improved by the addition of some very pretty pictures and ornaments, which were tastefully arranged around the walls.

We had not waited more than five minutes when the door opened, and Mrs. Morgan entered the room.

I was for an instant dumb with amazement. Such beauty it had never before been my fortune to behold. I can no more describe it than I can describe Niagara, the Rocky Mountains, or any other magnificent work of nature. Language possesses no words which will bring such rare beauty to the mind of one who has not seen it with his or her own eyes. To tell you of classical Grecian features, of pure, perfect complexion, and hair more like sun-rays than any thing else I can think of, would give but a feeble idea of Mrs. Morgan's charms. All my crossness vanished; and I felt as if I could bow down in adoration before such superhuman loveliness.

She did not seem to notice my embarrassment, but opened the conversation in the easy manner of one used to fashionable society. She expressed regret on hearing of mother's indisposition, and pleasure at making our acquaintance; trusted we would take pity on her loneliness, and come often to see her; expressed great admiration for the country around R—, and hoped we

would let her join our walks—as she was a good walker, and anxious to extend her knowledge of the neighborhood.

Lena and I terminated our call with reluctance, so agreeable had our strange hostess made herself.

On further acquaintance, however, our admiration for Mrs. Morgan greatly diminished; whether it was that she no longer exerted herself to please us, or that on closer acquaintance her character became naturally unfolded to our view, I can not say; but certain it is, that the fair stranger had not lived six months in R— before the ladies of the village had decided that she was wanting in sincerity and kind-heartedness.

About that time a circumstance transpired which turned our doubts into certainty; but, before telling of it, I must confess that the masculine inhabitants of the neighborhood did not agree with the feminine portion in their opinion of Mrs. Morgan. On the contrary, they all admired her extremely; and seemed inclined to attribute the ladies' judgment upon her to jealousy. Two of the gentlemen, Mr. Talmage, a young Episcopalian clergyman, and Henry Vinton, were particularly devoted to her. Mr. Talmage's attentions became so marked that no doubt could be entertained of his intentions; and, as he appeared to meet with no repulse, we all looked forward to the engagement as certain.

For all this, it was not to be. The offer was made, and refused immediately, and without any excuse being offered, on Mrs. Morgan's part, for the encouragement which she had so openly given him.

Strange as it may appear, even this did not open the eyes of our gentlemen, who all appeared eager to exonerate the young widow from blame.

Although so long a time has passed since then, I still feel ashamed to acknowledge how jealous I was of that beautiful woman, now lying far from all envy or contention in her cold, lonely grave—an object of pity to some, and execration to others.

told her of the apparition seen through her windows.

Henry, although he did not acknowledge being engaged to the widow, did not deny it. He expressed himself totally unable to tranquilize her, and under the circumstances could not call the clergyman, Mr. Talmage, to his aid; so he had been obliged to wait until he could ask Seymour to go with him.

My husband did not return until late in the evening, when he gave me the following account of his adventure. Mrs. Morgan had welcomed them cordially, but Seymour noticed a great change in her. Conversation no longer flowed from her lips in the easy, graceful manner it had formerly done. On the contrary, she seemed constantly engaged in a struggle to keep her thoughts from wandering.

When the subject of the apparition had been introduced, her whole attention seemed arrested by it, although she affected disbelief in the story; and on Mr. Vinton counseling her removal to another house, she said it would be too absurd to leave a comfortable cottage because some silly people imagined they saw phantoms.

Then Mr. Vinton suggested that he might be allowed to spend a night in the house.

"Seymour," he said, turning to my husband, "will, I have no doubt, stay with me; and together we may be able to unravel the mystery."

"No, gentlemen," Mrs. Morgan hastened to reply. "If there be any supernatural agency, your interference could be of no avail. If, on the contrary, it is only some one trying to frighten me, they do not deserve our paying them so much attention."

The two gentlemen tried to persuade her, but gained nothing for their trouble; and at length took their departure.

The departure was only apparent; for, after leaving the house, they stationed themselves in the garden; and, when they had waited about an hour, were rewarded by seeing a strange figure at one of the cottage windows. Seymour described it as that of a rather tall feminine figure, dressed in white, with a hood upon the head almost concealing the face, and holding in one hand a small wax candle. It stood by one of the parlor windows only for a few seconds; and then, suddenly turning, glided back and forward across the floor, with hands clasped together, and the body swaying from side to side as one who was suffering from some acute pain.

Seymour wished to go in at once, and make known what they saw; but Vinton objected, saying, that since the first reports of a ghost having been seen, Mrs. Morgan's servants had refused to sleep in the house, and he feared the effect it might produce upon her, suddenly awakened from sleep, and finding herself to have been alone in the house with such an unearthly companion.

Seymour, however, insisted; and they, at length, rung the door-bell.

At the first tinkle the phantom disappeared; but they continued to ring, until they had aroused Mrs. Morgan, who, wrapped in a dressing-gown, came to the door.

They saw that she was deathly pale, and so greatly agitated that Vinton had little difficulty in prevailing on her to accompany him to his home; where his mother, a lovely old lady, made her welcome—giving her the tenderest of care.

Next day he came to our house before breakfast, to tell us that Mrs. Morgan was looking far from well. She had returned to the "Dovecote," expressing her determination not to be driven from it again. He begged Seymour to go along with him that evening, and, in spite of Mrs. Morgan's resistance, to search for a clue to the mystery.

"For, by Jove!" said the poor young gentleman, almost shedding tears as he spoke, "if this thing goes on much longer, it will be the death of her."

Seymour promised to do all in his power to aid his friend; and, having engaged my sister, Lena, to spend the night with me, he departed on his adventurous errand—joining Vinton at his own house.

It was eleven o'clock before they arrived at the "Dovecote." They took their station under a tree opposite the parlor window, as on the night before, determined not to awake Mrs. Morgan, if it could possibly be avoided, but at any risk to capture the ghost—even if they should have to burst in the door for doing it.

Vinton was much excited, and Seymour had great difficulty in persuading him to wait patiently until the time for the strange figure to appear.

They had stationed themselves under a large magnolia tree, whose branches and broad leaves served to screen them from the observation of any one who might be inside the cottage.

The night was one of the darkest. Thick clouds covered the whole canopy of the sky; and so deep was the obscurity that, had it not been for an occasional flash of lightning, they could not have seen one another.

All at once a voice broke upon the silence of the night, speaking in strange, piteous accents. It said:

"Horace! Horace! will you never forgive me? Oh! take my life, but spare me the sight of your reproachful face!"

At these words a flash of lightning revealed to the watchers a figure, shrouded in white, standing directly in front of them. Both, moved by the same impulse, were about springing forward to lay hold on it. At that moment the hood, hitherto concealing the features, fell off; and another flash revealed the countenance of Cora Morgan!

But not as if awake. It was evident she was unconscious of their presence—in a state of somnambulism!

"Cora!" cried Vinton, taking hold of her arm, and speaking in a tone of passionate alarm. "Cora! do you not know me—Henry—Henry Vinton?"

A piercing shriek was the only response, as she fell fainting in his arms.

They bore their insensible burden into the house, going through the front door, which they found standing wide open.

Then striking a light, they laid her upon a sofa; and proceeded to employ every means they could think of for her recovery.

They at length succeeded in restoring the lady to consciousness. But only for a short time; they saw that she was dying!

She seemed fully to understand her condition; for the words that fell from her lips were those of one dying in full possession of her senses.

"Henry," she said, looking tenderly in Vinton's face, "forgive me the wrong I did, in promising to be your wife. By this hand my husband died, and bitterly I repent the deed. It needs not his face to haunt me as it has done, to make me truly miserable. I thought by a second marriage to banish the phantom, and so encouraged your attentions;

but, when you asked me to marry you, my mind revolted at the idea, and I could not. Forgive me the suffering I have caused you. Since the hour of our engagement he has been with me, every night forcing me out of my bed to wander—wander—wander."

Her voice, becoming indistinct, was suddenly stifled by a stream of blood that came gushing to her lips; and her head dropped back upon the sofa-cushion.

Vinton caught hold of her white wrist. There was no beating there. It had ceased with the pulsations of her heart. She was dead!

We afterward made inquiries, and learned that she and her husband had lived unhappily together; but that, although Mr. Morgan's death had been sudden and somewhat mysterious, no one had suspected his wife, or spoken of foul play.

I shall always believe that the poor lady only imagined she had committed the crime, as there is no doubt of her having been insane during the last days of her life.

Many, however, think otherwise, giving full credit to her strange confession; and to this day speak of her, with a shudder, as "that beautiful murderess!"

Henry Vinton soon after her death left R— for New York, where he went into partnership with Lena's husband, and is to this hour an unmarried man.

\$50,000 Reward! Not a great sum, considering what it was offered for—a beautiful young woman lost in the great city. How it became the very means of throwing her "into the toils," the brilliant "Romance of the Ruby Ring" tells.

The Banker's Ward:

OR,
The Shadowy Terror of Arrancourt.

BY GEO. S. KAIME.

CHAPTER XV.

OUT IN THE STREETS AGAIN!

Mrs. Matthews kept the breakfast waiting for her husband and Paul.

George was walking the floor, uneasy, yet triumphant. He knew where his uncle had been for half the night, and he could guess the consequences; but he felt greatly relieved when the banker entered the room alone.

"We are waiting, pa," said Mrs. Matthews.

"Where is Paul?"

"He has gone to the city."

His wife was about to question him further, but his stern, careworn look restrained her. Man and wife they had lived for thirty years, but she never saw that look on his face before. She felt that something dreadful had happened, but was far from suspecting the true state of affairs.

The meal was eaten in silence; and as they arose from the table, the banker said to George:

"You will take Mr. Rodney's place until he returns."

That was all that passed between them for weeks relating to Paul.

"Mother," said Meta to the banker's wife, one day, "where has Paul gone?"

"I know no more than you, Meta," replied Mrs. Matthews, in a whisper that sounded ominous. "I wouldn't say any more about him."

Meta did not reply, but she read in Mrs. Matthews' face something that roused her fears still more. She waited, hoping that the good woman would say more, but in vain; then she went away to think.

All day she roamed here and there, listless and lonely. Paul's presence was the greatest comfort of her young life. She could sit all day listening to his voice, yet knowing that the barrier could not be passed. She waited for his footsteps every night, and put on her guise of coldness to hide her joy at his return; and every morning she watched his tall form, as he passed out of sight, on his way to the bank, and thought how far removed he was from her.

But now he was gone, and even these pleasures were denied her. What happiness could there be where he was not? The heart-yearning was for naught. The strife against herself was over.

Toward evening she strolled down to the beach, and sat beneath the jutting rocks where she had often seen Paul. Sweet memories lingered round the spot. It was there that he was sitting that first day of their meeting. How lonely it seemed. How happy had been the time since then, yet how hopeless was that happiness. Would it ever come again? Would they ever meet again?

A shadow fell at her feet, and George Matthews stood before her. Was he so soon to take advantage of Paul's absence? Yes, he was there for that very purpose.

And how unexpected, how ill-timed were his words of love. It seemed to Meta almost like sacrilege, so soon after Paul's departure.

"Mr. Matthews," said she, "I am surprised that you approach me again with such words. My answer was final. Let us not become enemies by further pursuit of this distasteful subject."

"That is for you to determine," he replied, somewhat haughtily. "I do not seek your enmity, but your love."

"Enough, sir," commanded Meta. "You are forgetting yourself. Let me pass, sir."

"Not yet," he said, putting himself in her way.

"Stand aside!" cried Meta, indignantly, yet trembling with fear.

"Pardon my rudeness," sneered George; "but I thought if I only knew the secret that James Martin whispered in your ear—"

"Oh, God have mercy!" cried Meta, covering her face, which was blushing hot with shame. Then she rushed past him, and fled to the house. She ran to her own room to hide herself from sight, and throwing herself upon the bed, gave vent to her anguish in convulsive sobs and piteous moans, the hot, scalding tears of shame pouring down her cheeks.

"Oh! what have I done that I should be so tortured! Can I never escape his curse? Oh, it was false! I know it! I feel it! I will not believe it! Oh, mother! mother! come to me and tell me that it is false! Tell me that I have a right to bear my father's name! Father! mother! if you have gone to the spirit land, look down upon me in my desolation, and send me some token, that I may not, in my madness, curse my own life! If you are yet living, come to me! Send me the 'blessed words'! Let the breeze whisper them, or the storm-thunder them in my ears! Only let me hear them, and I will brave all else! They will not harm me! They will not come!"

All through the night she struggled with her despair, but in the morning she had

reached a state of passive yielding, as the drowning man at last ceases to strive against the overwhelming element.

She waited until George Matthews went to the bank. Then she went down to her foster-mother.

The good woman had been very anxious about her.

"My darling, I have been up to your room several times," said she, "and you wouldn't let me in."

"Oh, mother! I could not. I am going away. I can not stay here another day."

"Why, Meta!" exclaimed the banker's wife; and she could not utter another word for the pain she felt.

"Yes, mother, I must go," said Meta again.

And her face was whiter than her snowy wrapper, while deep lines of suffering told of the night's struggle, and the swollen eyes, of the weeping.

"Child—Meta! oh, what do you mean?" asked the banker's wife, with a face as pale as Meta's.

"I can not tell you, mother. Oh, you never can know what misery it gives me to leave you, my second mother, and my dear pa, but something stronger even than love drives me from you. I must not stay! Oh, I can not—can not! Another night like the last would kill me."

Unknown to her, the banker had appeared at the door, and listened in mute surprise to her words.

"What is the trouble with my little daughter?" he asked.

Meta started in affright; and when he saw her face, he cried in alarm:

"Wife! wife! what is it? Why she looks like death!"

"I don't know, Charles. She is going away. We are going to lose her."

"No—no!" cried the banker. "We have lost Paul—we can not give up Meta!"

"Lost Paul?" cried his wife.

"He will not come back," said the banker, with a look half-stern, half-sad.

"But why do you wish to leave us, Meta?"

"Don't pa! please do not!" implored the suffering girl. "You have been too kind. I have wronged you by accepting all this kindness and love. I am not worthy of it. But it was so very pleasant, and made me so happy for a while. It is all over now. I must bid you good-by, dear Mr. Matthews and mother."

The banker was about to remonstrate, but his wife took his arm and led him from the room.

"Charles, we can not help it. Her secret is not for us to know. She and Paul were sent to us in place of our own. We have sent Paul away, and Meta must now follow."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the stricken man. "And I loved them so."

"Thy will be done!" murmured the good wife, but her heart was breaking.

Never did Meta before realize the love of these childless people as she did when, all ready for her departure, she went into the parlor to say good-by. She found them both in tears.

"Must you go?" implored the banker.

How hard it was for her to say that she must.

"Then good-by, my darling; but come back to us if you can."

She kissed them and hurried away, her hand heavier by the weight of a well-filled purse.

"You are going after Paul?"

Meta met the baleful look of George Matthews' eyes, but made no reply.

"He is a thief—a felon!" he hissed.

Thus they parted.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STREET FRIENDS.

"I don't want to be hard on you, miss. I wouldn't say a word, only you know I must have my bread and butter as well as you, and I have nothing to depend upon but the rent; so if you can't pay me, I shall have to set you into the streets."

The speaker was a stout, well-dressed gentleman of middle age, and the listener was a young girl not out of her teens—pretty Ella Martin.

The white, scared face that she held up to him, should have aroused some pity in his heart, but it was harder than the stone pavement on which he stood.

"You say you have no money?"

"Not a cent," answered Ella, quite abstractedly.

"Then, miss, I'll help you get out what few movables you have."

"I have nothing to move," she said, staring at him in a listless sort of way.

"We'll see about that, miss."

And he made a movement as if to push her aside; but he was met by a savage growl that sent him half way across the street.

"Whose dog is that?" he asked, yet trembling with the fright he got.

"Mine, sir. Back, Prince!"

"Well, are you going?—you and the dog?"

"Yes, sir," said Ella, going into the house. "Stay here, Prince, and don't let him in. I don't like him."

The man stepped further away when he saw that Prince was alone, and took his station near a door; for who could tell what notion the brute might get into his head.

Ella soon reappeared and took her way up the street, with Prince trotting along

after her; and the man waited until they were out of sight, ere he dared to venture across the street.

So Ella Martin was turned into the streets.

The few weeks that she had been in the great city, had been marked by such trials as only those can know who have been placed in like situations. She had failed in finding her uncle James, and friendless and unknown, with no skill in any handicraft whereby she might earn the food, clothing and shelter which must be had, she had roamed about the city, to her worse than a wilderness, watching her little purse day by day, until at last there was no money left.

Then came the streets.

With a brain whirling dizzily, she dragged her weary way along. Close behind, turning neither to the right nor to the left, soberly marched the bloodhound, and half the busy crowd stopped to take a second look at the beautiful girl and her strange companion.

How the dumb brute had become endeared to her! He was her only friend. Patiently he bore hunger and cold; and, when she whispered to him of her wretchedness, he seemed to understand. And he was her safeguard. His instinct seldom erred, and his low growl, coupled with a sight of his sharp, white teeth, never failed to clear for his mistress a wide berth, even in the most dangerous locality.

Ella wandered about until nearly night-fall, wondering where, oh! where she would lay her head. She was so weary; and she sat down for a moment upon the steps of the tall church she was passing. Prince laid himself at her feet, and looking up into her face, asked with his great, wondering eyes—"what next?"

"Ah, good Prince, I don't know what we shall do!" she said, in seeming answer to his look. "I am so tired and hungry. Are you hungry, Prince?"

He gave a low whine in answer.

"Yes, I know you are. Well, we must beg a little. There is a lady coming now. She has her purse in her hand. I know she will not let me starve. She is young and good."

The suffering girl watched her as she slowly approached, but before she reached the spot where the two were waiting so anxiously, a man darted from a by-way, and snatching the purse, started to run.

"Oh, Prince!" cried Ella. "It is gone! The purse! No supper—no bed!"

Then there came another thought.

"Take him, Prince!" she shouted, clapping her hands to spur him on.

But all he needed was the word. With a few long, rapid leaps, he reached the thief. Then there was a short struggle, a moment of cursing by the man, and the dog's snarling; then all was still.

"Oh, what have I done!" cried Ella, in alarm, as she hurried to the spot where the man was lying so still, with the dog's grip at his throat.

"You have caught a rascal," said a policeman, who had witnessed the whole affair from a distance; "or, your dog has, so it's all the same. Now call him off."

"Here, Prince! let him alone!"

Prince obeyed rather reluctantly, and the man, feeling no ill effects, save a slight shortening of his breath, sprung to his feet to find himself in the custody of the policeman.

"Here's your purse," said the officer to the lady, who had hardly recovered from her astonishment.

She thanked him, and then turned to Ella.

"I am so much obliged to you, my dear girl. What should I have done! It was all the money I had in the world."

"But it looks so much," said Ella, innocently.

"Oh, no. But you have served me in one thing; please do so in another, and you shall have half the money. I am a stranger here, and need a home. Take me to yours, please."

"Home!" said Ella. "I have none now."

"Oh!"

The exclamation was one of pain.

"No home! I know how to pity you. Have you friends?"

Ella pointed silently to the dog.

"I can not even call a dog my friend," was the bitter reply.

"Prince shall be a friend to us both," said Ella, brightening up a little.

"And you will be my friend, too?"

"Yes," said Ella, "if my friendship is worth any thing."

"It is worth every thing," was the earnest reply. "Now let us find some place to stay to-night. Then we will get some work, and be so happy. My name is Meta."

Yes, it was Meta, turned into the streets again.

"And mine is Ella Martin."

"Martin!" exclaimed Meta, trembling with dread. "Do you know James Martin?"

"I have an uncle by that name, but I never saw him."

"Thank God for that," said Meta, greatly relieved. "You think I am a strange girl, don't you? Well, I suppose I am. But, there is a neat little cottage. Let us see if they will keep us to-night. I do so dislike a great hotel where everybody is staring at everybody else."

The two girls went up to the door, and Meta rung the bell. A lady came to the door.

"We are strangers in the city," said Meta, "and have called to see if you will let us stay all night."

The lady, who was scarcely more than a girl herself, looked at the plain, modest attire of the applicants, and said, kindly:

"Your request is quite unusual, but I will not turn you away. Is the dog yours?"

"He is mine," said Ella.

"And he must go with us," spoke Meta, quickly. "He has just caught a thief who snatched my purse."

The dog now stepped up and looked the lady in the face, as though adding his appeal to theirs.

"I can not resist that," said the lady, with a smile. "Come in and welcome."

She led them into a pleasant little apartment, sitting-room and parlor combined, and while they were removing their wrappers, she went out to draw the tea.

She then called them to supper.

Prince was not forgotten, and enjoyed a huge plateful all by himself.

The meal finished, both the girls helped the lady, Mrs. Weller, to clear away the supper dishes, for she kept no servant; and then they all repaired to the room adjoining.

Ella frankly related her strange experience since arriving in the city, and Meta told the curious incident that brought them together. Of course Prince came in for his share of praise. Then good Mrs. Weller, happy in her new wedded life, had much to say of the loved husband; and the time passed pleasantly for an hour or more, after which the young wife showed her guests to their room.

Ella and Meta were both very tired, and they soon fell asleep, with Prince, who had very positively refused to be separated from them, lying on a rug at the head of the bed.

Some time in the night Ella awoke, feeling strangely, and, while lying there, wondering what had disturbed her, she heard a faint noise at the window.

The room was on the ground, and her first thought was that somebody was trying to break into the house. Not daring to move, she kept her eyes fixed on the window, and saw a dark form draw itself into the room, and creep stealthily toward the bed. By a faint light through the open shutter, she caught the gleam of a knife. Palms with terror, she could only lie there and wait.

Nearer—nearer crept the assassin, until he stood peering down into her face. How like him had Dora Martin once stood, yet Ella had escaped unharmed. Would she now?

She was asleep then; now she was staring into the murderous eyes, for her terror seemed to give her new sight to see in the darkness.

She heard Meta's deep, regular breathing as she slept on, unconscious of all danger. She attempted to move her arm to wake her, but she had not the power. No hempen cords, no forged steel, could have held her more firmly than did that overpowering terror at the sight of the dim outlines of that midnight assassin, standing there by her bedside, just ready to strike the blow which would send her to eternity.

Once she would have coveted the stroke, so that it sent her to oblivion, and begged that he would not delay; now she prayed for life—thought her prayers, for her tongue refused its office—and implored Divine aid for her friend.

Ah, how hopeless! She saw the arm uplifted, and knew there was but a second; but in that second the thought of a deliverer flashed through her mind. With the thought came speech and motion.

"Take him, Prince!" she cried. Then she closed her eyes and awaited the result.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 22.)

The Lost Heiress. How a lost and beloved daughter was recovered, and the great sorrow of a life swept away by a woman's faith, is exquisitely told in the charming "Romance of a Ruby Ring," now running through our columns.

The Masked Miner:

OR,

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER RAIL," "SILKEN CORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

ABOUT ten o'clock the next morning, a letter was handed in at Mr. Harley's abode, in Allegheny City. The old man received the letter himself from the hands of the messenger who brought it. He glanced at the superscription, and then tore open the envelope.

The letter was brief, reading thus:

"MY DEAR SIR—A week ago I had the honor of placing in your hands a letter with which I had been intrusted. At that time I could not make it convenient to stop over a half-hour with you. Being still, however, in Pittsburgh, and having some time at my disposal, I take the liberty of writing to you and telling you I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you this evening, at eight o'clock exactly, at which time I hope it may not inconvenience you to receive me. I will, moreover, be able to tell you something of him who sent the letter. Please answer by the bearer. Respectfully, etc.,

FELIX MORTON.

"P. S.—I have a little business matter to transact with you, and suggest that you have a friend or so present. Your daughter—I understand you have one—may not object to being a witness to the matter."

F. M.

Mr. Harley read this letter twice, and then calling Grace, showed it to her. The maiden's cheeks paled and then reddened as she read the clear, bold lines.

"I am glad the gentleman is coming, papa," she said; "for his visit may make you more cheerful. And then—oh, God! the news of him, now so rich!" and Grace turned softly into the parlor.

"And, my daughter, you shall see this stranger, too; he requests that you should be present," said the old man, kindly.

"If you wish it, papa," was the gentle reply.

It was night again.

Felix Morton walked up and down the limits of his splendidly-furnished apartment. There was on his face a well-marked, triumphant look; yet mingled with it was a foreboding anxiety. He had just placed in his pocket a brief letter, which, since its reception that day, he had read over and over again.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "has he forgotten! The hour is late, the time approaching, and he must assist me! Every thing else has worked so well!"

He paused and glanced at his watch.

"Only three quarters of an hour more, and I wouldn't be a minute behind time for—Ha! at last!"

As he spoke, a decided ring sounded on the bell. In a moment or so, after respectfully rapping, old Ben entered the apartment.

"You are late, Ben—Mr. Walford," said the stranger, vexatiously; "but, I am glad you are here. You must help me in this matter, you know."

"I had not forgotten, sir. I was coming, of course; and I have business—serious business, with you, my—Mr. Morton." And the old miner's face was as solemn as were his words.

Mr. Morton started.

"Serious business? Well, quick with it. We have no time to lose."

"Exactly, sir. Well, Mr. Morton, I have just had a visitor at my cabin. The man, Laurence, you know, a good fellow and a true comrade, was there; and what do you think he came for? Why, sir, he—"

and old Ben sunk his voice to a whisper.

A deep, angry scowl spread over the handsome, white-whiskered face of Mr. Morton, as he heard Ben's news.

"This is serious! The scoundrel is desperate. But it is all so ordered! We must be wary and guarded."

He paused for a moment, as if pondering; but raising his head quickly, he said:

"Hurry around, Mr. Walford, to the police-station, and ask the lieutenant for two men. That will do. Tell him enough, but not too much, you know. We can attend to the rest!"

He smiled grimly as he felt the muscles swelling under his coat-sleeve, and as he glanced at the brawny right arm of old Ben, the miner.

"Hurry, Mr. Walford, and come back at once. I must be dressed for this, my first visit—well and worthily dressed!"

The old man, without answering, hurried away. When he returned, which was certainly in ten minutes, Felix Morton, Esq., held in his hands—not loathingly, but tenderly—a queer-looking bundle.

Fifteen minutes from that time two men left the door of the elegant residence on Penn street, and entered a carriage—that of Felix Morton, the aristocrat—standing at the door.

One of these men certainly was old Ben, in his best attire, too; and the other—well, owing to the glaring of the street-lamp just then, a good look at him could not be obtained.

The little parlor of Richard Harley's humble house, on Cedar avenue, was lighted brilliantly—that is, to the extent of two burners. The shutters were closed, and the cheap, though lasting, chintz curtains were dropped to the floor. All was quiet in the room, though the clock on the mantel was somewhat obtrusive with its ominous clicking. The hands of that clock pointed to five minutes to eight.

Gathered in the room, nervous, sedate, anxious and expectant, was a small group. Old Dr. Breeze, the ancient and tried friend of the family, was there, calm, dignified and imperturbable; also, Mr. Harley, restless and excitable.

The most conspicuous figure in the group, however, was Grace Harley. She was clad in pure white, marking a wonderful contrast to her accustomed sable attire. A single white rose nestled in her lustrous hair, and her hands—somewhat tremulous—were leaning on a table.

"Tis late, and he comes not," muttered Mr. Harley, vexatiously. "Can he, too, be playing with me? He—"

"Hush! hush, father!" interrupted the daughter. "I am sure the gentleman will come."

At that moment a furious ring at the bell startled all. In a moment a letter was flung into the passage by one who hurried away. Mr. Harley, who had gone out to answer the bell, picked up the letter and returned to the parlor. As he drew near the light he cast his eyes over the superscription. It was his name and the handwriting was strange.

The old man nervously tore open the letter, and glanced hurriedly over it. All eyes were upon him as he walked unsteadily back into the room, letting the letter fall negligently from his hand. The old man, however, had read every word!

The crumpled sheet fluttered down at the

feet of old Dr. Breeze. The physician stooped, picked it up and read it. Then, he quietly and without any show of emotion, save a grim smile, placed the letter in his pocket.

The letter ran thus:

"MR. HARLEY—You no doubt think you are making a fine acquaintance in this Mr. Felix Morton! Be on your guard; he comes with evil intent! He is one known to you as an evil-doer in the past! But those will be here who will unmask him! He will attempt to abduct your daughter! Be wise."

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

"Oh, father! speak—what—what is this?" exclaimed the maiden, springing to the side of her parent, who was leaning against the wall for support.

"Alas! alas! my daughter—we are indeed friendless. This smooth-tongued man is a deceiver—a villain!"

At that moment the heavy rattle of carriage-wheels was heard. Then the noise ceased just by the door. The bell sounded, and without waiting for the summons to be answered, the door was opened.

Just then the clock struck eight.

Ere its reverberations had ceased, the parlor door swung back, and a strange sight burst upon the vision of the startled group.

There—brawny, iron-armed and independent—came old Ben Walford, clad in holiday attire—a broad, genial smile of greeting and satisfaction mantling his face.

And there—good heavens!—leaning on the old man's shoulder—erect, athletic, muscular, proud and defiant—was Tom Worth, the miner!

With one wild, shuddering cry of agonizing joy, Grace Harley, forgetful of all maidenly reserve, forgetful of every thing, sprang forward and flung her white arms around the neck of the humbly, coarsely-clad miner.

And Tom Worth, in a loud voice, cried in his old familiar tones:

"God be thanked! she's true as steel!" and he bowed his head with his curling auburn locks, until his long yellow beard fell in masses over the maiden's shining hair.

A moment of silence, painful and awkward; and then, before any one could speak, the street door was burst open with a crash; and three men—one, his face concealed behind a long black beard, his person by a large, ungainly overcoat—sprung into the room.

"There he is—come to light at last! Now on him, my men—we'll see if two can't play at certain games!" and the speaker darted forward.

Quickly placing the fainting girl in the arms of the old physician, who eagerly clasped his charge, Tom Worth turned like a lion at bay. Old Ben Walford, stern, and terrible to look upon, was in an instant by his side.

"Hold! Stand where you are, or advance at your peril!" exclaimed the young miner, in a deep, fearful voice of warning, at the same time drawing a pistol. "Another step, and I'll spatter your brains on these walls! Now—now—the time has come when villainy shall be exposed! I have long prayed for this occasion, and yet I would have spared you! Now—for you have courted your exposure—I will strip your face of its false covering, and declare you the treacherous scoundrel that you are, FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE!"

As the young man spoke, he sprang forward with the bound of a tiger.

The two men met in deadly combat; but he who opposed Tom Worth was, before the young miner's brawn and muscle, a very man of straw. In an instant the false beard was torn from his face, and the long overcoat stripped from his form, revealing none less, indeed, than Fairleigh Somerville, the millionaire.

One of the man's companions sprang forward to the rescue; but, quick as lightning, old Ben, the miner, was upon him. It was but one ponderous blow, and then another, and the fellow went down like a puppet. Springing upon his prostrate foe, old Ben clutched him by the throat.

The other—the man we have known as Laurence—stirred not; but on his lips was a smile of satisfaction, and of a triumph he had long looked forward to.

"Now, Fairleigh Somerville!" exclaimed Tom Worth, after a pause in this thrilling scene, "your day comes! I gave you a chance, and you have repaid my generosity by attempting this dastardly outrage. Nay, move a muscle, and, right or wrong, I'll shoot you through the heart!"

As he spoke, he placed a call to his lips, and blew a long, shrill whistle. Before the thrilling of the pipe had ceased, the door was opened, and two stalwart policemen entered with drawn revolvers.

"Tis over, sergeant; you'll have no trouble," said the young miner, quietly. "Now, Fairleigh Somerville," he continued, amid a complete silence, turning to the unmasked villain again, "I charge you with the abduction, over two years ago, of Miss Harley. I knew your designs at the time; yet I would have given you the benefit of all doubt, for I would, above all things, see justice done! You planned that abduction; these poor men, who by some misfortune fell into your power, were your tools, and executed your plans. From a marked resemblance between myself and that man there, who has at last turned into the right path, and he pointed to Laurence, "I was arrested. Hence Markley's evidence. The rascally

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THE DRAYMAN'S WARELE

BY JOE JOY, JR.

My father was my mother's wife,
He was a fine old man,
But left no policy on his life
When he joined the cherub van;
He left me nothing in the world
But this here noble gray,
And ever since that time I've been
A-driving of the dray.

There's nothing that I like so well,
As when I've got a load,
As to go down the crowded street
The monarch of the road,
I like to see them turn each side,
I like to hear them say
"Look out now for that fellow there
A-driving of the dray."

Sometimes a fellow drives along,
As zis his hire on tick,
And keeps the mule of the road
As straight as any stick,
I teach him to be mannerly
Quite in the regular way,
I suddenly nab his wheel
A-driving of the dray.

Of course my heart is hardly free,
There's a girl I love,
She boards at No. 73,
Where she runs a cooking-stove,
And of course I always have to sing
Whenever I go by,
And she looks out the door and says:
"Oh, William, how's your eye?"

There'll be a match one of these days,
As will take you by surprise,
And you'll find the draying business
Is bound to take a rise,
And bachelors shall hold their heads,
And dry-goods clerks shall say:
"Oh, how sublime is that thing
To be driving of the dray!"

Elfie, the Witch;

The Wrecker's Secret.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

"HELP! for the love of God, help!"
Such was the cry that rang out over
the curling waves upon that cool summer's eve,
in tones that told of some great peril, or of
intense bodily anguish. It echoed over the
foam-tossed waves that beat themselves into
spray upon the sharp-jagged reefs, or else
spread onward to spend their force upon the
level sandy beach.

It floated past the little collection of rude
huts that studded the shore beyond high-
tide mark, and was echoed back by the
screaming gulls as they sailed to and fro, as
if exulting in the fun of the short-lived tem-
pest, or "white squall" that had caused
these appeals for help.

The huts appear deserted, as does the coast,
with the exception of one figure that
glides rapidly down to the beach, where is
moored a tiny painted skiff, tossing like a
cork upon the waves. It is a weird-looking
figure, whose garments proclaim it to be of
the softer sex, that steps firmly into the boat,
and, after casting off, takes up the light oars
and plies them with an adroitness that speaks
well for her teacher.

As the skiff heads toward the point from
whence sounds the cry for help, the girl—
she is not more—utters a clear encouraging
cry. A cry that one would involuntarily
listen to that of the wild sea-bird that hovers
overhead, in its peculiar tones, but yet it is
musical, were one in a position to be critical.

But the only person there was near to
hearken to the cry, him for whom it was in-
tended, was not in that position, and only
knew that help was nigh at hand. Then, as
the frail boat was adroitly rounded to be-
side him, he placed one hand upon the gun-
wale and muttered:

"I fear my—miss, that you'll have to help
me; my arm is broken, and even as he
nearly fainted from the exertion, he fixed
his eyes wonderingly upon the dark, elfish
face that was bent over his own.

"All right, sir," she promptly rejoined, as
she passed her arms around his body. "Now
then; yo' heave, oh!" and with an exertion
of strength that ill accorded with her slight
form, she lifted the wounded youth over the
side into the boat, tenderly placing the in-
jured member across his breast.

The youth gave a grateful glance at her
dark face as she once more resumed the
oars, and then muttered, as his eyes closed
heavily:

"You are very kind and brave. You
saved my life. Who are you?"

"I? why, don't you know?" wonderingly
asked the girl. "I thought everybody knew
that I'm only Elfie, the Witch."

"Elfie, the Witch!" and murmuring the
words, the youth sunk into a swoon.

In a few moments the boat touched the
beach, and, leaping lightly out, she who
called herself Elfie, drew the little boat up
on the sand, and then ran up to the door of
one of the wretched hovels, opening it with-
out ceremony, and then woke up an old
woman who lay slumbering upon the bed.

With a few hasty words Elfie explained
what had happened, and then half-dragged
the old woman down to the boat.

"Come, granny, you take his feet and
we'll carry him up to the house. He's hurt
awful, I guess, but maybe he won't die."

"Lawful sakes, child, ef I don't really
believe it's the judge's son up at the big
house! It's his nose and mouth, sure's your
life!"

"Never mind his nose now, granny; let's
hurry, or he'll die before we can get help.
Come, come!"

Together the two women contrived to
convey the senseless man up to the house
and lay him upon the rude bed still in a
swoon. Occasionally a faint moan would
break from his lips, nothing more.

"Dear, dear, what shall I do! I don't
know nothin' 'bout sich fine folks. Ef 'twar
one o' the men, now."

"Do just as you would for one of them,
granny, while I run to the village for a
doctor."

"Goodness gracious, child, it's all of—"
"I know just how far it is, but he mustn't
die for want of help," and Elfie left the
house, speeding along the rugged road with
a step as fleet and sure as that of a wild
fawn.

In due course of time medical assistance
arrived, and the broken arm was set, and the
youth pronounced to be in a fair way of re-
covery. The doctor knew him, and let out
enough to show that Granny Wilbur had
been correct in her surmises as to his rela-
tion to Judge Clayton.

A message was sent to the Oaks by one
of the fishermen who had returned, and the
father came to remove the youth. But this
the physician forbade, and he was forced to
leave his son in the care of Granny Wilbur
until such time as he could bear removal.

It seemed that Elfie Clayton was sail-
ing by herself when the squall suddenly

came up, and catching him unprepared,
capsized the boat, dashing him against the
reef where he managed to secure a foothold,
at the expense of a broken arm; and then a
call for help, which came, as detailed. And
such was his first meeting with "Elfie, the
Witch," as she was known far and wide,
both from her peculiar looks and wild,
strange habits.

She was small and of rather slight frame,
but outdoor exercise had rendered her as
lithic and agile as a deer. Her features were
delicately molded and almost faultlessly
regular, but, naturally a brunette, exposure
to the weather had darkened her skin to a
deep, clear olive tinge. Her hair, black and
glossy, hung in elfish locks down her shoul-
ders, in wild luxuriance; so that, taken all
in all, her name and *soubriquet* were not im-
aply chosen.

When Elfie Clayton convalesced suffi-
ciently to venture out of doors, no one but
Elfie must accompany him to guide his steps,
or show him the curious places among the
rocky piles, or row him along the coast in
her little skiff. Somehow there was a great
change in her, while with him, from what
she used to be, and her wild, erratic actions
were toned down into a quietness that set
more than one of the rude, rough fishermen
to wondering what it was that ailed "Elfie,
the Witch."

They both were young and careless for
the future, giving themselves up to the en-
joyment of the present, without a thought
for the sorrow they might be laying up for
the coming time. Elfie was strangely fasci-
nated by his little elfish companion, but he
little thought that the mischievous "God of
Love" was busily at work, weaving a web
around his heart, that presently he might
strive in vain to break.

He was scarcely twenty, but he was old
enough to love with all the fervor of a fiery,
untamed heart. And she? Ah, Elfie, too,
was learning that sweet lesson, although as
yet she did not know the meaning of the
strange sensation that troubled her sleeping
and waking thoughts. But the awakening
was close at hand.

After Elfie was perfectly cured and had no
further excuse for delaying his departure
from the spot where time passed so pleasant-



ELFIE, THE WITCH; OR, THE WRECKER'S SECRET.

ly, he accompanied his father home. But
few days passed without the young couple
meeting, either upon the land or water.
Elfie would sail from the Oaks, and ever
found the little skiff with Elfie upon the
look-out for his coming.

One day they had been strolling along the
seashore, and tiring, had sat down side by
side in the shade cast by the tall rocks, over-
looking the water. Elfie had been unusually
grave and silent during the day, and Elfie
questioned him closely as to the cause. Then
he spoke out, and in a torrent of eloquence
he avowed his love for her, and asked her
to be his wife.

Then it all came to her like a gleam of
light, and she knew now how to interpret
the strange feelings that had beset her since
she rescued the youth from a terrible death.
She knew now that it was love; love that
had caused his image to be ever present to
her mental view, and that had made her act
so foreign to her old nature, while in his
company.

"Elfie, my Elfie, can I have been de-
ceived in believing that you loved me? Your
answer, darling!"

A grinding pain was heard behind them,
and a harsh, angry voice exclaimed:

"I can give you her answer, if you need
it. It is no, a thousand times, no!"

"My father!" exclaimed Elfie, as the lovers
sprang to their feet.

"Yes, your father, and a nice disclosure I
have heard! Who is this?"

"She saved my life, sir," proudly replied
Elfie, as he turned to where Elfie had stood;
but, at the interruption she had vanished
like a veritable witch.

"She has gone, and very wisely, too, else
she might have heard some home truths that
would not have been the most agreeable,"
sneered his father. "Well, sir, what have
you to say for yourself—are you not ashamed
of this love intrigue?"

"Father, you have no right to speak so!"
passionately cried Elfie. "Elfie—she saved
my life at the risk of her own, and I love
her dearly."

"I heard you say as much, a moment
since, but I should hate to believe that you
were in earnest."

"I was in earnest, and if she consents, I
will marry her, too!"

"Now listen to me," sternly rejoined
Judge Clayton. "I tell you that this must
go no further, and you know I never break
my word, or step aside from any resolve I
may make. I say you shall never meet this
wild, ignorant girl again, on peril of my se-
verest displeasure. She is not fit to associate
with you, upon any terms, much less those
such as I was a witness to, just now. Un-
less you promise me upon your honor, never
to seek her presence again—"

"Well, sir," said Elfie, in a suppressed
tone, as his father paused.

"Unless you pledge me your word to this,

I repeat, I will cast you off forever! Not a
cent of mine will you ever handle, nor will
I ever acknowledge you as son of mine!"

"And now, sir, listen to my answer,"
firmly replied Elfie. "I am young, and so
is she, but we can wait. I am poor, as you
hint, but I have brains, strong arms and a
willing heart. I can work and gain an in-
dependence for myself, and she will share it
with me. You are my father, and I owe
you obedience, and in all things reasonable
I am more than ready to render it. But in
this you are tyrannical. You would crush
two youthful hearts to a mere worldly pride.
Disinherit me if you please, disown me if
you must, but never will I give up my hopes
of winning Elfie for a wife, unless I learn
from her own lips that they are in vain."

The father reasoned and stormed, endeavor-
ing to break down his son's resolution, but with
a firm resolve exhibited in every feature,
and Judge Clayton at length ordered him to
follow him home—Elfie obeyed in silence,
without an attempt to see Elfie again that day.

Judge Clayton's agents were busy for the
next four days, making covert inquiries re-
garding Elfie, but he gained scant informa-
tion from them. That she was the child of
Ben Wilbur, a fisherman and wrecker, and
as some vaguely hinted, who had followed an
occupation formerly, of a still more
questionable nature. This man was now
off upon a voyage, and no one could say
when he might return; not even his mother,
Granny Wilbur.

The next four weeks rolled on, the
young lovers writing nearly every day, and
discussing the future that lay before them,
as it seemed to them, all bright and won-
derfully happy, where they would live in a
little world of their own and be all in all to
each other.

One day a ship came to anchor, just be-
yond the lines of coral reef, and lowering a
boat, that impelled by sturdy arms, quickly
gained the sandy beach. The knot of fish-
ermen who had gathered from curiosity, ut-
tered exclamations of surprise and greeting;
then they slowly proceeded up the hill to the
cabin of old Granny Wilbur, several of them
bearing between them the gaunt, emaciated
form of a man in sailor costume.

"You know the rest. How I have raised
her as my child, and how good and beau-
tiful she has grown; just the perfect image
of her mother. I often see the poor lady in
my dreams, and—My God! look! there she
is now, come back to haunt me for stealing
her child!"

The sick man uttered these words in a
wild, shrieking tone, sitting up in bed and
pointing with a wild glare toward the win-
dow. Granny Wilbur sprang from her seat
with a cry, and followed the direction of
his outstretched hand, a cold thrill of terror
creeping over her; but then she sunk back
with a sigh of relief, saying:

"No, Ben, honey, it's just Elfie; she—"
The rest of her sentence went out in a
wild cry of heartrending sorrow, as she saw
that her son was dead—had died as he half-
sat up in bed, with the vision of the woman
he had so deeply wronged before his last gaze.

There is little more to state. After her
season of grief, the old woman faithfully ful-
filled her son's last commands, and as the
proofs were ample, "Elfie, the Witch" was
duly installed in the grand abode of her
grandmother. Henry Glassford never re-
turned, most likely having died in some
foreign clime, as nothing more was ever
heard of him.

When Judge Clayton found that Elfie was
an heiress, he withdrew his opposition, and
at the ensuing Christmas time, Elfie Glas-
ford became Mrs. Elfie Clayton, and the
young couple lived long and happily near
the scene of their first meeting.

"When John Morton knew to whom he
was indebted for his forced voyage, he in-
sulted Captain Glassford, and challenged
him to fight. Well, this was just what
Glassford desired, and at the first and we
sighted, a boat was lowered and the duel
came off. It was conducted fairly and
honorably, and Morton had a fair chance, but
he was no match for his rival in sword-play,
and fell dead, pierced through the heart, in
less than ten minutes. Glassford was hurt
in several places, but only slightly, and after
burying the corpse, we again made sail."

"Then he began his persecutions of Miss
Deane, and terribly alarmed her, until one
day she broke loose from the cabin, where
she had been confined, and appealed to me
for protection. I told Glassford then, that
so long as I commanded ship, he should
do her no wrong, but that they should be
honorably married by the ship's chaplain."

He was only too glad to consent, and after
I had a long talk with her, telling her how
fully she was in his power, and that it was
her only course, Miss Deane consented to
marry him."

"So the wedding came off and we all had
a jolly time for a day or two. In due course
of time we made Havana, and the couple
went on shore to live. By this time the lady
had forgiven Glassford, and really seemed to
love him, while he fairly worshipped her; so
my conscience was set at rest on that score."

"It does not matter what we did with the
ship, or what kind of life we led after that.
I believe I have fully repented of all the sins
I committed, at any rate, it does not matter
now. It was nearly three years before I
met Henry Glassford again, and then he told
me that his wife had died, leaving him one
little child."

"This he hired me to take home to his
mother, giving me all the papers necessary
to prove its birth and the like, saying that he
might not return for years, as his health was
so impaired that he must travel. Well, I
came home, but upon the way I took such a
fancy to little Elfie, and she to me, that I
resolved to keep her as my own child, for I
did not believe that her father would ever
live to return. The papers you will find in
my little brass trunk, and when I am gone,
you must take them and—her, to Mrs.
Glassford, and make what restitution you
can."

"You know the rest. How I have raised
her as my child, and how good and beau-
tiful she has grown; just the perfect image
of her mother. I often see the poor lady in
my dreams, and—My God! look! there she
is now, come back to haunt me for stealing
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at the ensuing Christmas time, Elfie Glas-
ford became Mrs. Elfie Clayton, and the
young couple lived long and happily near
the scene of their first meeting.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Cole Runner and the Painter.

"Painters, boyce, ar' wuz'n a grizzly on
menhly accounts, when thar back is riz; not
so hard to run out, prehaps, but I tell you,
they ain't to be grined at, not by no means,
nohow," said old Cole Runner, as he busily
polished away at his gunlock, which the
rain had slightly rusted.

"But, Cole, it's all humbug about pan-
thers' carrying anybody off, ain't it?" I
asked.

"Humbuggery, is it? No, s'fice, it ain't,
not by a long jump, an' ef you'd like, I'll
tell you about how one uv the varmints lited
off Ben Rutherford's four-year-old," said
Cole.

"Like it of course I would like it! Did
the panther really—?"

"Thar! thar! wait, an' ye'll know all
'bout it afore I git through. Don't go a-
guessin' an' spile the hull thing."

"You see, Ben Rutherford war a perfect
friend uv mine, an' I allers thort his little
wife, Nancy war her name, war jest the
tightest, bit uv woman-flesh that could be
found in a hundred miles uv ennywhar."

"I liked Nancy Rutherford from the very
first time I sot eyes onto her, an' when she
nussed me through a spell, an' a cussed hard
'un, too, I jest swore I'd go to—, or enny
other place, ef she'd 'a' wanted me to."

Well, that winter had been a powerful hard
'un, I tell you, an' the varmints in the tim-
ber had all like to hev starved clean, ef'ar out,
an' consequently they war ez vicious ez a
rattler in dog-days."

"You see, Ben he had located on the
range down where the Beech an' Rollin'
forks kin together, an' the country down
thar war perfectly alive with varmints uv
one kind er another."

"Painters war plenty, an' so one day I
sided to Ben, says I: 'You'd better keep the
little fellers out the timber, fer one uv 'em
'll kin home missin' one uv these days, an'
then thar'll be the devil to pay, an' no Cole
Runner clost to hand."

"Ben he lared, an' sed he reckined not,
an' I went across the country to be gone two
or three days, an' I left Ben a-settin' on a old
stump, still a-larin' at the idee uv a painter
toun' one o' his off."

"He war larin' out uv t'other side uv his
mouth when I got back the same evenin'.
Suthin' tole me to kin back, fer not more'n
half a' hour before the t'other little 'uns had
kin in, an' sed a big dog had lited little
Eddie off, while they war down in the tim-
mer."

"Ben know'd what it war in a minit; he
know'd now that I war right, an' they told
me he war out, lookin' fur the varmint's
trail."

"I hopes, lad, that these old eyes I never
see the like uv Nancy Rutherford's takin' on

about that young 'un as the painter had
grappled an' lited off."

"Ef that woman hed uv hed her way, she
would 'a' tackled the varmint tooth an' toe-
nail in a squar, stand-up scrimmage. Ez it
war, I overpersuaded her to stay at the
cabin, while I tuck Ben's trail, who war
arter the painter."

"In half a' hour I ketched Ben, who war
nosin' out the critter's track, an' together
we lited it right smartly."

"By'mby I heerd the leap uv the varmint
on the dried leaves, but couldn't ketch a
glimpse fur some time."

"I sed nothin' fur I know'd, Ben would
spile every thing by rushin' in ef he once
heerd the sign, but kep' my eye skinned
lively, ye may depend, an' afore long I sighted
the painter jest as he tuck to a big ash as
hed fell ag'in' another big ash an' hed
caught in the forks. Ben sed I kin a minit
arter, an' then we both sed that the cussed
varmint war still carryin' the child, which
it hed grappled by the back."

"It war jest as I hed expected, fer Ben
throwed up his rifle to plug the pesky thing,
never onct thinkin' uv the little 'un, but I
war watchin' him, an' slipped my thumb
under the hammer as it kin down."

"Do ye want to kill the boyce? sed I,
kinder savagacious like, fur I war mad to
think a old hunter could be sich a fool, even
if he war the child's father."

"You're right, Cole," sed he, white ez a
bullet-patch, an' a-starin' at the critter,
which hed by this time got to the forks, an'
turned to take a squint at us."

"The varmint's head war turned squar'
toward us, an' thar war ez purty a mark,
atween the eyes, ez ever I see; but lordy,
boyce, thar war the little 'un a-hangin' from
the thing's jaws, not two inches from whar
the bullet'd hev to go."

"I sed the little feller move his hand
onct or twict, an' I know'd he warn't entire-
ly gone under."

"Ben, sed I, 'the child's livin', an' I
don't think the painter's teeth hev even
teched his skin yet!"

"My God, Cole!" sed he, 'can you save
him? It'll kill Nancy!' an' I tell ye, lad,
though Ben Rutherford war ez brave a man
ez ever looked over a rifle, yet I see two
great big tears a-rollin' down his face onto
the groun'."

"Ben, sed I, 'thar's a chance. You see,
the child ar' held right over the forks, an' ef
the painter war to let loose, he'd lodge
D'ye see?"

"Yes, Cole," he sed, in a kind uv whisper
like."

"Well, ole friend, I'm a-goin' to make the
painter let loose," an' I fished the old pes-
shooter to a full cock an' sot the trigger."

"For God's sake, Cole, don't try it!" sed
Ben, layin' his hand on my arm. "You'll
kill the child!"

"It ar' sartin death t'other way," sed I;
'an' hyar we hev a chance."

"All this time, but 'twarn't a great while,
nuther, the painter war growlin' an' slashin'
his tail about."

"He ar' a-goin' to move, Ben, I sed.
'Shall I risk the shot? Quick!"

"Shoot, Cole, an' may God help the in-
nocent little 'un!" an' I turned away an'
leant his head ag'in' a tree."

"I've drawed menny a bead, boyce," said
the old hunter, whose eye kindled at the re-
collection, "but never sich a one ez thet; I
means under sich circumstances."

"It hed to be a dead shot, plum center, or
the critter would pitch the child out the
tree in his rarin' an' 'arin' arter ben
wounded, an' I hed only two inches to shoot
inside uv."

"The little feller moved his arm ag'in, an'
with that I fished the rifle to my face."

"I thort uv the mother at home a-waitin'
fur her little 'un, ez I looked through the
sights, an' ye may depend thet I draw'd fine
atween the critter's eyes, an' then I let her
go. Lordy, boyce, what a squall thet paint-
er fetched, but when the smoke cleared, the
brute war on the groun', thrashin' the leaves
an' sticks, an' the child war safely lodged in
the fork."

"In less'n a minit Ben war up the slantin'
tree an' hed his boyce in his arms, an' a-
shoutin' like mad. 'The little feller war't
even scratched, fur the varmint hed grappled
his clothes 'thout takin' up enny meat. We
met Nancy comin' to find us, on our way
home, an' I tell you, lad, when I sed he
huggin' the little 'un an' goin' on, I war
powerful glad thet I hed listened to the
searmin', an' kin back sooner nor I in-
tended."

Beat Time's Notes.

To make a quick fire put into the stove a
handful of shavings from a barber-shop, a
handful of chips from a shoe-shop, several
limbs of the law, and some branches of the
river. Another way is to pour coal-oil into
the stove while there is still a little fire in the
ashes. There are a good many fools who are
not yet dead, and we would like to see them
try this, as it has a decided tendency to thin
them out a little."

"I don't like to hear of persons innocently
pointing loaded guns at other people, from
the miserable fact that the wrong person gets
killed every time. If the gun only shot back-
ward there would be something cheerful in the
idea."

If the money that is spent for victuals
alone was given to the poor and the heathen
every one would have a fortune. Why isn't
it done? It's a shame."

Side views are the best. Many persons
who pride themselves on their pretty faces
would come to think differently if they could
see their profile. It's rasping."

When I hear a fellow bragging that he
writes on some great newspaper, I always
have a suspicion that his talent is exercised
upon wrappers."

Live to make others happy. I wish the
whole world would heed this, and each one
would commence to make me so."

When I see a fellow sporting a large
pocket-book, my first impression is that it
may be full of bills—washerwoman's."

There is nothing that pleads for wifely
influence with half so much eloquence as a
hole in a stocking."